MORAL TALES,

BY MISS EDGEWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

HE GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS,

MADEMOISELLE PANACHE,

AND

THE KNAPSACK.

FIFTH EDITION.

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GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS.

AMONG the sufferers, during the bloody reign of Robespierre, was Madame de Rosier, a lady of good family, excellent understanding, and most amiable character. Her husband, and her only son, a promising young man, of about fourteen, were dragged to the horrid prison of the Conciergerie, and their names, soon afterward, appeared in the list of those, who fell a sacrifice to the tyrant's cruelty. By the assistance of a faithful domestic, Madame de Rosier, who was destined to be the next victim, escaped from France, and took refuge in England —England! — that generous country, which, in favour of the unfortunate, forgets her national prejudices, and to whom, in their utmost need, even her "*natural enemies*" fly for protection.—English travellers have sometimes been accused of forgetting the civilities, which they receive in foreign countries, but their con-

duct towards the French emigrants has sufficiently demonstrated the injustice of this reproach.

Madame de Rosier had reason to be pleased by the delicacy of several families of distinction in London, who offered her their services under the name of gratitude; but she was incapable of encroaching upon the kindness of her friends. Misfortune had not extinguished the energy of her mind, and she still possessed the power of maintaining herself honourably by her own exertions. Her character and her abilities being well known, she easily procured recommendations as a preceptress. Many ladies anxiously desired to engage such a governess for their children, but Mrs. Harcourt had the good fortune to obtain the preference.

Mrs. Harcourt was a widow, who had been a very fine woman, and continued to be a very fine lady; she had good abilities, but as she lived in a constant round of dissipation, she had not time to cultivate her understanding, or to attend to the education of her family; and she had satisfied her conscience, by procuring, for her daughters, a fashionable governess, and expensive masters. The governess, whose place Madame de Rosier was now to supply, had quitted her pupils, to go abroad with a lady of quality, and Mrs.

Harcourt knew enough of the world, to bear her loss without emotion;—she, however, stayed at home one whole evening, to receive Madame de Rosier, and to introduce her to her pupils. Mrs. Harcourt had three daughters and a son—Isabella, Matilda, Favoretta, and Herbert. Isabella was about fourteen; her countenance was intelligent, but rather too expressive of confidence in her own capacity, for she had, from her infancy, been taught to believe, that she was a genius. Her memory had been too much cultivated; she had learned languages with facility, and had been taught to set a very high value upon her knowledge of history and chronology. Her temper had been hurt by flattery, yet she was capable of feeling all the generous passions.

Matilda was a year younger than Isabella; she was handsome, but her countenance, at first view, gave the idea of hopeless indolence; she did not learn the French and Italian irregular verbs by rote, as expeditiously as her sister, and her impatient preceptress pronounced, with an irrevocable nod, that Miss Matilda was *no* genius. The phrase was quickly caught by her masters, so that Matilda, undervalued, even by her sister, lost all confidence in herself, and, with the hope of success, lost the wish for exertion. Her

attention gradually turned to dress and personal accomplishments; not that she was vain of her beauty, but she had more hopes of pleasing by the graces of her person, than of her mind. The timid, anxious blush, which Madame de Rosier observed to vary in Matilda's countenance, when she spoke to those for whom she felt affection, convinced this lady, that, if Matilda were *no* genius, it must have been the fault of her education. On sensibility, all that is called genius, perhaps, originally depends; those who are capable of feeling a strong degree of pain and pleasure, may surely be excited to great and persevering exertion, by calling the proper motives into action.

Favoretta, the youngest daughter, was about six years old. At this age the habits, that constitute character, are not formed, and it is, therefore, absurd, to speak of the character of a child of six years old. Favoretta had been, from her birth, the play-thing of her mother, and of her mother's waiting maid. She was always produced when Mrs. Harcourt had company, to be admired and caressed by the fashionable circle; her ringlets, and her lively nonsense, were the never failing means of attracting attention from visitors. In the drawing-room, Favoretta, consequently, was happy, always in high

spirits, and the picture of good humour; but, change the scene, and Favoretta no longer appeared the same person;—when alone, she was idle and spiritless; when with her maid, or her brother and sisters, pettish and capricious. Her usual playfellow was Herbert, but their plays regularly ended in quarrels—quarrels in which both parties were commonly in the wrong, though the whole of the blame necessarily fell upon Herbert, for Herbert was neither caressing nor caressed. Mrs. Grace, the waiting maid, pronounced him to be the plague of her life, and prophesied evil of him, because, as she averred, if she combed his hair a hundred times a day, it would never be fit to be seen; beside this, she declared, "there was no managing to keep him out of mischief," and he was so "thick-headed at his book," that Mrs. Grace, on whom the task of teaching him his alphabet had, during the negligent reign of the late governess, devolved, affirmed that he never would learn to read like any other young gentleman. Whether the zeal of Mrs. Grace for his literary progress were of service to his understanding, may be doubted; there could be no doubt of its effect upon his temper; a sullen gloom overspread Herbert's countenance, whenever the shrill call of "Come and say your task, Master Herbert!" was heard; and the continu-

al use of the imperative mood—"Let that alone, *do*, Master Herbert!"—"Don't make a racket, Master Herbert!"--Do hold your tongue, and sit still where I bid you, Master Herbert!" operated so powerfully upon this young gentleman, that, at eight years old, he partly fulfilled his tormentor's prophecies, for he became a little surly rebel, who took pleasure in doing exactly the contrary to every thing that he was desired to do, and who took pride in opposing his powers of endurance to the force of punishment. His situation was scarcely more agreeable in the drawing room than in the nursery, for his mother usually announced him to the company by the appropriate appellation of *Roughhead*, and Herbert *Roughhead* being assailed, at his entrance into the room, by a variety of petty reproaches and maternal witticisms upon his uncouth appearance, became bashful and awkward, averse from *polite* society, and prone to the less fastidious company of servants in the stable and the kitchen. Mrs. Harcourt absolutely forbade his intercourse with the postillions, though she did not think it necessary to be so strict in her injunctions as to the butler and footman; because, argued she, "children will get to the servants when one's from home, and it is best, that they should be with such of them as one can trust—now Ste-

phen is quite a person one can entirely depend upon, and he has been so long in the family, the children are quite used to him, and safe with him."

How many mothers have a Stephen, on whom they can entirely depend!

Mrs. Harcourt, with politeness, which in this instance supplied the place of good sense, invested Madame de Rosier with full powers, as the preceptress of her children, except as to their religious education; she stipulated, that catholic tenets should not be instilled into them.—To this Madame de Rosier replied—"that children usually follow the religion of their parents, and that proselytes seldom do honour to their conversion; that were she, on the other hand, to attempt to promote her pupils' belief in the religion of their country, her utmost powers could add nothing to the force of public religious instruction, and to the arguments of those books, which are necessarily put into the hands of every well educated person."

With these opinions, Madame de Rosier readily promised to abstain from all direct or indirect interference, in the religious instruction of her pupils.—Mrs. Harcourt then introduced her to them as "a friend, in whom she had entire confidence, and whom she hoped and believed they would make it their study to please."

Whilst the ceremonies of the introduction were going on, Herbert kept himself aloof, and with his whip suspended over the stick on which he was riding, eyed Madame de Rosier with no friendly aspect; however, when she held out her hand to him, and when he heard the encouraging tone of her voice, he approached, held his whip fast in his right hand, but very cordially gave the lady his left to shake.

"Are you to be my governess?" said he; "you won't give me very long tasks, will you?"

"Favoretta, my dear, what has detained you so long?" cried Mrs. Harcourt, as the door opened, and as Favoretta, with her hair in nice order, was ushered into the room by Mrs. Grace.—The little girl ran up to Madame de Rosier, and, with the most caressing freedom, cried—

"Will you love me?—I have not my red shoes on to-day!"

Whilst Madame de Rosier assured Favoretta, that the want of the red shoes would not diminish her merit, Matilda whispered to Isabella—"Mourning is very becoming to her, though she is not fair;" and Isabella, with a look of absence, replied—"But she speaks English amazingly well, for a French woman."

Madame de Rosier did speak English remarkably well; she had spent some years in England, in her early youth, and,

perhaps, the effect of her conversation was heightened by an air of foreign novelty. As she was not hacknied in the common language of conversation, her ideas were expressed in select and accurate terms, so that her thoughts appeared original, as well as just.

Isabella, who was fond of talents, and yet fonder of novelty, was charmed, the first evening, with her new friend, more especially as she perceived, that her abilities had not escaped Madame de Rosier. She displayed all her little treasures of literature, but was surprised to observe, that, though every shining thing she said was taken notice of, nothing dazzled the eyes of her judge; gradually her desire to talk subsided, and she felt some curiosity to hear. She experienced the new pleasure of conversing with a person, whom she perceived to be her superior in understanding, and whose superiority she could admire, without any mixture of envy.

"Then," said she, pausing, one day, after having successfully enumerated the dates of the reigns of all the English kings, "I suppose you have something in French, like our Gray's Memoria Technica, or else you never could have such a prodigious quantity of dates in your head. Had you as much knowledge of chronology

and history, when you were of my age, as—as——"

"As you have?" said Madame de Rosier—"I do not know, whether I had, at your age, but I can assure you, that I have not now."

"Nay," replied Isabella, with an incredulous smile, "but you only say that from modesty."

"From vanity, more likely."

"Vanity, impossible! you don't understand *me*."

"Pardon me, but you do not understand *me*."

"A person" cried Isabella, can't surely be vain—what we, in English, call vain—of *not* remembering any thing."

"Is it then impossible, that a person should be, what you in English call vain of *not* remembering what is useless? I dare say you can tell me the name of that wise man, who prayed for the art of forgetting."

"No, indeed, I don't know his name, I never heard of him before; was he a Grecian, or a Roman, or an Englishman? can't you recollect his name? what does it begin with?"

"I do not wish, either for your sake or my own, to remember the name; let us content ourselves with the wise man's sense, whether he were a Grecian, a Ro-

man, or an Englishman; even the first letter of his name might be left among the useless things—might it not?"

"But,"—replied Isabella, a little piqued,—"I do not know what you call useless things."

"Those, of which you can make no use," said Madame de Rosier, with simplicity.

"You don't mean, though, all the names, and dates, and kings, and Roman emperors, and all the remarkable events, that I have learned by heart?"

"It is useful, I allow," replied Madame de Rosier, "to know by heart the names of the English kings, and Roman emperors, and to remember the dates of their reigns, otherwise we should be obliged, whenever we wanted them, to search in the books in which they are to be found, and that wastes time."

"Wastes time—yes; but what's worse," said Isabella, "a person looks so awkward and foolish in company, who does not know these things—things that every body knows."

"And that every body is supposed to know;" added Madame de Rosier.

"A person,"—continued Isabella—"could make no figure in conversation, you know, amongst well-informed people, if she didn't know these things."

"Certainly not," said Madame de Rosier, "nor could she make a figure, amongst well informed people, by telling them, what, as you observed just now, every body knows."

"But I do not mean," said Isabella, after a mortified pause, "that every body knows *the remarkable events*, though they may have learnt the reigns of the kings by heart; for I assure you, the other day, I found it a great advantage, when somebody was talking about the powder-tax, to be able to tell, in a room full of company, that powder for the hair was first introduced into England in the year 1614, and that potatoes, which, very luckily for me, were next to powder in "the Tablet of Memory," were first brought to England in the year 1586. And the very same evening, when mamma was showing some pretty coloured note paper, which she had just got, I had an opportunity of saying, that white paper was first made in England in the year 1587, and a gentleman made me a bow, and said, he would give the world for my memory. So you see, that these, at least, are not to be counted amongst the *useless* things—are they?"

"Certainly not," replied Madame de Rosier; "we can form some idea of the civilization of a country at any period,

by knowing that such a frivolous luxury as powder was then first introduced: trifles become matters of importance to those who have the good sense to know how to make them of use; and as for paper, that, and the art of printing, are so intimately connected——"

"Ah!" interrupted Isabella, "if they had asked me, I could have told them when the first printing press was established in Westminster-Abbey—in 1494."

"And paper was made in England?"

"Have you forgot so soon?—in 1587."

"It is well worth remarking," said Madame de Rosier, "that literature in England must have at that time made but a very slow progress, since a hundred years had elapsed between the establishing of your printing press, and the making of your white paper;—I allow these are not useless facts."

"*That* never struck me, before;" said Isabella, ingenuously; "I only remembered these things, to repeat in conversation."

Here Madame de Rosier, pleased to observe, that her pupil had caught an idea that was new to her, dropped the conversation, and left Isabella to apply what had passed.—— Active and ingenious young people should have much

left to their own intelligent exertions, and to their own candour.

Matilda, the second daughter, was at first pleased with Madame de Rosier, because she looked well in mourning, and afterward she became interested for her, from hearing the history of her misfortunes, of which Madame de Rosier, one evening, gave her a simple, pathetic account. Matilda was particularly touched by the account of the early death of this lady's beautiful and accomplished daughter; she dwelt upon every circumstance, and, with anxious curiosity, asked a variety of questions.

"I think I can form a perfect idea of her now," said Matilda, after she had inquired concerning the colour of her hair, of her eyes, her complexion, her height, her voice, her manners, and her dress.—"I think I have a perfect idea of her now!"

"Oh no!" said Madame de Rosier, with a sigh, "you cannot form a perfect idea of my Rosalie from any of these things; she was handsome and graceful, but it was not her person—it was her mind;" said the mother, with a faltering voice—her voice had, till this instant, been steady and composed.

"I beg your pardon—I will ask you no more questions;" said Matilda.

"My love," said Madame de Rosier, "ask me as many as you please—I like to think of *her*—I may now speak of her without vanity—her character would have pleased you."

"I am sure it would;" said Matilda, "do you think she would have liked me or Isabella the best?"

"She would have liked each of you for your different good qualities, I think; she would not have made her love an object of competition, or the cause of jealousy between two sisters; she could make herself sufficiently beloved, without stooping to any such mean arts. She had two friends, who loved her tenderly; they knew, that she was perfectly sincere, and that she would not flatter either of them—you know *that* is only childish affection, which is without esteem—Rosalie was esteemed *autant qu'aimée*."

"How I should have liked such a friend! but I am afraid she would have been so much my superior, she would have despised me—Isabella would have had all her conversation, because she knows so much, and I know nothing!"

"If you know that you know nothing," said Madame de Rosier, with an encouraging smile, "you know as much as the wisest of men. When the oracle pronounced Socrates to be the wisest of men,

he explained it by observing, 'that he knew himself to be ignorant, whilst other men,' said he, 'believing that they know every thing, are not likely to improve.'"

"Then you think I am likely to improve?" said Matilda, with a look of doubtful hope.

"Certainly," said Madame de Rosier, "if you exert yourself, you may be any thing you please."

"Not any thing I please, for I should please to be as clever, and as good, and as amiable, and as estimable too, as your Rosalie—but that's impossible.—Tell me, however, what she was at my age—and what sort of things she used to do and say—and what books she read—and how she employed herself from morning till night."

"That must be for to-morrow," said Madame de Rosier, "I must now show Herbert the book of prints, that he wanted to see."

It was the first time, that Herbert had ever asked to look into a book. Madame de Rosier had taken him entirely out of the hands of Mrs. Grace, and finding, that his painful associations with the sight of the syllables in his dog's-eared spelling-book could not immediately be conquered, she prudently resolved to cultivate his powers of attention upon other subjects, and not to return to syllabic diffi-

culties, until the young gentleman should have forgotten his literary misfortunes, and acquired sufficient energy and patience, to ensure success.

"It is of little consequence," said she, "whether the boy read a year sooner or later—but it is of great consequence, that he should love literature."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Harcourt, to whom this observation was addressed, "I am sure you will manage all those things properly—I leave him entirely to you—Grace quite gives him up—If he read by the time we must think of sending him to school, I shall be satisfied—only keep him out of my way," added she laughing, "when he is stammering over that unfortunate spelling book, for I don't pretend to be gifted with the patience of Job."

"Have you any objection," said Madame de Rosier, "to my buying, for him, some new toys."

"None in the world—buy any thing you will—do any thing you please—I give you carte-blanche:" said Mrs. Harcourt.

After Madame de Rosier had been some time at Mrs. Harcourt's, and had carefully studied the characters, or, more properly speaking, the habits of all her pupils, she took them with her, one morning, to a large toy-shop, or rather ware-

house for toys, which had been lately opened, under the direction of an ingenious gentleman, who had employed proper workmen to execute rational toys for the rising generation.

When Herbert entered "the rational toy-shop," he looked all around, and, with an air of disappointment, exclaimed—"Why, I see neither whips, nor horses! nor phaetons, nor coaches!"——"Nor dressed dolls!" said Favoretta, in a reproachful tone—"nor baby houses!"——"Nor soldiers,—nor a drum," continued Herbert."——"I am sure I never saw such a toy-shop," said Favoretta; "I expected the finest things, that ever were seen, because it was such a new *great* shop, and here are nothing but vulgar-looking things—great carts and wheel-barrows, and things fit for orange-women's daughters, I think."

This sally of wit was not admired as much as it would have been by Favoretta's flatterers, in her mother's drawing-room;—her brother seized upon the very cart, which she had abused, and dragging it about the room, with noisy joy, declared he had found out, that it was better than a coach and six, that would hold nothing; and he was even satisfied without horses, because he reflected, that he could be the best horse him-

self, and that wooden horses, after all, cannot gallop, and they never mind if you whip them ever so much; you must drag them along all the time, though you *make believe*, said Herbert, that they draw the coach of themselves; if one gives them the least push, they tumble down on their sides, and one must turn back, for ever aud ever, to set them up upon their wooden legs again—I don't like make-believe horses; I had rather be both man and horse for myself. — Then whipping himself, he galloped away, pleased with his centaur character.

When the little boy in Sacontala is offered for a play-thing "*a peacock of earthen ware, painted with rich colours*," he answers—"*I shall like the peacock, if it can run and fly—not else.*" The Indian drama of Sacontala was written many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it has so long been observed, that children dislike useless, motionless play-things, it is but of late, that more rational toys have been devised for their amusements.

Whilst Herbert's cart rolled on, Favoretta viewed it with scornful eyes; but at length, cured by the neglect of the spectators of this fit of disdain, she condescended to be pleased, and spied a few things worthy of her notice.—Bilboquets, battledores, and shuttlecocks, she ac-

knowledged, were no bad things—"And pray," said she, "what are those pretty little baskets, Madame de Rosier?—And those others, which look as if they were but just begun?—And what are those strings, that look like mamma's bell cords—and is that a thing for making laces, such as Grace laces me with?—And what are those cabinets, with little drawers, for?"

Madame de Rosier had taken notice of these little cabinets; they were for young mineralogists—she was also tempted by a botanical apparatus, but as her pupils were not immediately going into the country, where flowers could be procured, she was forced to content herself with such things, as could afford them employment in town. The making of baskets, of bell ropes, and of cords for window curtains, were occupations, in which, she thought, they might successfully apply themselves. The materials for these little manufactures, were here ready prepared; and only such difficulties were left, as children love to conquer. The materials for the baskets, and a little magnifying glass, which Favoretta wished to have, were just packed up in a basket, which was to serve for a model, when Herbert's voice was heard at the other end of the shop—he was exclaiming, in an impatient tone, "I must,

and I will, eat them, I say!" He had crept under the counter, and unperceived by the busy shopman, had dragged, out of a pigeon-hole, near the ground, a parcel, wrapped up in brown paper: he had seated himself upon the ground, with his back to the company, and with patience, worthy of a better object, at length untied the difficult knot, pulled off the string, and opened the parcel. Within the brown paper, there appeared a number of little packets, curiously folded in paper of a light brown.—Herbert opened one of these, and, finding that it contained a number of little round things, which looked like comfits, he raised the paper to his mouth, which opened wide to receive them.—The shopman stopped his arm, assured him, that they were "*not good to eat;*"—but Herbert replied in the angry tone, which caught Madame de Rosier's ear.—"They are the seeds of radishes, my dear;" said she, "if they be sown in the ground, they will become radishes; then they will be fit to eat but not till then.—Taste them now, and try." He willingly obeyed; but put the seeds very quickly out of his mouth, when he found, that they were not sweet. He then said, "that he wished he might have them, that he might sow them in the little garden behind his mother's house, that they might be fit to eat some time or other."

Madame de Rosier bought the radish-seeds, and ordered a little spade, a hoe, and a watering pot, to be sent home for him.

Herbert's face brightened with joy: he was surprised to find, that any of his requests were granted, because Grace had regularly reproved him for being troublesome whenever he asked for any thing: hence he had learned to have recourse to force or fraud, to obtain his objects. He ventured now to hold Madame de Rosier by the gown; "Stay a little longer," said he, "I want to look at every thing;" his curiosity dilated with his hopes.

When Madame de Rosier complied with his request to "stay a little longer," he had even the politeness, to push a stool towards her, saying, "You'd better sit down, you will be tired of standing, as some people say they are;—but I'm not one of them. Tell 'em to give me down that wonderful thing, that I may see what it is; will you?"

The wonderful thing, which had caught Herbert's attention, was a *dry-printing-press.*—Madame de Rosier was glad, to procure this little machine for Herbert; for she hoped, that the new associations of pleasure, which he would form with the types in the little compositor's stick, would efface the painful remembrance of

his early difficulties with the syllables in the spelling book. She also purchased a box of models of common furniture, which were made to take to pieces, and to be put together again, and on which the names of all the parts were printed.—A number of other useful toys tempted her, but she determined not to be too profuse: she did not wish to purchase the love of her little pupils by presents; her object was to provide them with independent occupations;—to create a taste for industry without the dangerous excitation of continual variety.

Isabella was delighted with the idea of filling up a small biographical chart, which resembled Priestley's;—she was impatient also to draw the map of the world upon a small silk bal oon, which could be filled with common air, or folded up flat at pleasure.

Matilda, after much hesitation, said, she had decided her mind, just as they were going out of the shop. She chose a small loom for weaving ribband and tape, which Isabella admired, because she remembered to have seen it described in "Townsend's Travels;" but, before the man could put up the loom for Matilda, she begged to have a little machine for drawing in perspective, because the person who showed it assured her, that it re-

quired *no sort of genius*, to draw perfectly well in perspective with this instrument.

In their way home, Madame de Rosier stopped the carriage at a circulating library. "Are you going to ask for the novel we were talking of yesterday?" cried Matilda.

"A novel!" said Isabella, contemptuously; "No, I dare say Madame de Rosier is not a novel reader."

"Zeluco, sir, if you please;" said Madame de Rosier.—"You see, Isabella, notwithstanding the danger of forfeiting your good opinion, I have dared to ask for a novel."

"Well; I always understood, I am sure," replied Isabella, disdainfully, "that none but trifling silly people were novel-readers."

"Were readers of trifling silly novels, perhaps you mean;" answered Madame de Rosier, with temper; but I flatter myself, you will not find Zeluco either trifling or silly."

"No, not Zeluco, to be sure," said Isabella, recollecting herself, "for now I remember Mr. Gibbon, the great historian, mentions Zeluco in one of his letters; he says, it is the best philosophical romance of the age.—I particularly remember *that*, because somebody had been talking of Zeluco the very day I was read-

ing that letter; and I asked my governess to get it for me, but she said it was a novel—however, Mr. Gibbon calls it a philosophical romance——"

"The name," said Madame de Rosier, "will not make much difference to *us*, but I agree with you in thinking, that as people, who cannot judge for themselves, are apt to be misled by names, it would be advantageous, to invent some new name for philosophical novels, that they may no longer be contraband goods—that they may not be confounded with the trifling silly productions, for which you have so just a disdain."

"Now, ma'am, will you ask," cried Herbert, as the carriage stopped at his mother's door, "will you ask, whether the man has brought home my spade and the watering pot. I know you don't like, that I should go to the servants for what I want; but I'm in a great hurry for the spade, because I want to dig the bed for my radishes before night.—I've got my seeds safe in my hand."

Madame de Rosier, much pleased by this instance of obedience in her impatient pupil, instantly inquired for what he wanted, to convince him, that it was possible he could have his wishes gratified by a person, who was not an inhabitant of the stable or the kitchen.—Isabella

might have registered it in her list of remarkable events, that Herbert, this day, was not seen with the butler, the footman, or the coachman. Madame de Rosier, who was aware of the force of habit, and who thought, that no evil could be greater than that of hazarding the integrity of her little pupils, did not exact from them any promise of abstaining from the company of the servants, with whom they had been accustomed to converse; but she had provided the children with occupations, that they might not be tempted, by idleness, to seek for improper companions; and, by interesting herself with unaffected good nature in their amusements, she endeavoured to give them a taste for the sympathy of their superiors in knowledge, instead of a desire for the flattery of inferiors. She arranged their occupations in such a manner, that, without watching them every instant, she might know what they were doing, and where they were; and she showed so much readiness, to procure for them any thing that was reasonable, that they found it the shortest method, to address their petitions to her in the first instance.—Children will necessarily delight in the company of those, who make them happy; Madame de Rosier knew how to make her pupils contented, by exciting

them to employments, in which they felt that they were successful.

"Mamma! mamma! dear mamma!" cried Favoretta, running into the hall, and stopping Mrs. Harcourt, who was dressed, and going out to dinner—"Do come into the parlour, to look at my basket, my beautiful basket, that I am making *all* myself."—"And *do* mother, or some of ye, come out into the garden, and see the bed that I've dug, with my own hands, for my radishes——I'm as hot as fire, I know," said Herbert, pushing his hat back from his forehead.

"O! don't come near me with the watering pot in your hand;" said Mrs. Harcourt, shrinking back, and looking at Herbert's hands, which were not as white as her own.

"The carriage is but just come to the door, ma'am," said Isabella, who next appeared in the hall; "I only want you for one instant, to show you something, that is to hang up in your dressing room, when I have finished it, mamma; it is really beautiful."

"Well, don't keep me long," said Mrs. Harcourt, "for, indeed, I am too late, already."

"O no! indeed you will not be too late, mamma,—only look at my basket," said Favoretta, gently pulling her mother,

by the hand, into the parlour.——Isabella pointed to her silk globe, which was suspended in the window, and taking up her camel-hair pencil, cried,—"Only look, ma'am, how nicely I have traced the Rhine, the Po, the Elbe, and the Danube; you see I have not quite finished Europe; it will be another looking thing, when Asia, Africa, and America are done, and when the colours are quite dry."

"Now, Isabella, pray let her look at my basket," cried the eager Favoretta, holding up the scarcely begun basket—"I will do a row, to show you how it is done;" and the little girl, with busy fingers, began to weave. The ingenious and delicate appearance of the work, and the happy countenance of the little work-woman, fixed the mother's pleased attention, and she, for a moment, forgot, that her carriage was waiting.

"The carriage is at the door, ma'am;" said the footman.

"I must be gone!" cried Mrs. Harcourt, starting from her reverie. "What am I doing here!—I ought to have been away this half hour——Matilda!—why is not she amongst you?"

Matilda, apart from the busy company, was reading, with so much earnestness, that her mother called twice, before she looked up.

"How happy you all look," continued Mrs. Harcourt, "and I am going to one of those terrible *great* dinners—I shan't eat one morsel;—then cards all night, which I hate as much as you do, Isabella,—pity me, Madame de Rosier!—good by, happy creatures!"—and with some real and some affected reluctance, Mrs. Harcourt departed.

It is easy to make children happy, for one evening, with new toys, and new employments; but the difficulty, is to continue the pleasure of occupation, after it has lost its novelty; the power of habit may well supply the place of the charm of novelty. Madame de Rosier exerted herself, for some weeks, to invent occupations for her pupils, that she might induce in their minds a love for industry; and when they had tasted the pleasure, and formed the habit of doing *something*, she now and then suffered them to experience the misery of having nothing to do.—The state of *ennui*, when contrasted with that of pleasurable, mental, or bodily activity, becomes odious and insupportable to children.

Our readers must have remarked, that Herbert, when he seized upon the radish seeds, in the rational toy-shop, had not then learned just notions of the nature of property.—Madame de Rosier did not, like Mrs. Grace, repeat, ineffectually,

fifty times a day—"Master Herbert, don't touch that!"—"Master Herbert, for shame!"—"Let that alone, sir!"—"Master Herbert, how dare you, sir!" but she prudently began, by putting forbidden goods entirely out of his reach; thus she, at least, prevented the necessity for perpetual irritating prohibitions, and diminished, with the temptation, the desire to disobey; she gave him some things for his *own* use, and scrupulously refrained from encroaching upon his property; Isabella and Matilda followed her example, in this respect, and thus practically explained to Herbert the meaning of the words *mine* and *yours*. He was extremely desirous of going with Madame de Rosier to different shops, but she coolly answered his entreaties, by observing, "that she could not venture to take him into any one's house, till she was sure, that he would not meddle with what was not his own.—Herbert now felt the inconvenience of his lawless habits; to enjoy the pleasures, he perceived that it was necessary, to submit to the duties of society; and he began to respect "*the rights of things and persons**." When his new sense of right and wrong had been sufficiently exercised at home, Madame de Rosier ventured to expose him to more danger-

* Blackstone.

ous trials abroad; she took him to a carpenter's workshop, and though the saw, the hammer, the chisel, the plane, and the vice, assailed him in various forms of temptation, his powers of forbearance came off victorious.

"To *bear* and *forbear*," has been said, to be the sum of manly virtue; the virtue of forbearance in child hood must always be measured by the pupil's disposition to activity; a vivacious boy must often have occasion to forbear more, in a quarter of an hour, than a dull, indolent child, in a quarter of a year.

"May I touch this?"—"May I meddle with that?" were questions, which our prudent hero now failed not to ask, before he meddled with the property of others, and he found his advantage in this mode of proceeding. He observed that his governess was, in this respect, as scrupulous, as she required that he should be, and he consequently believed in the truth and *general* utility of her precepts.

The coachmaker's, the cooper's, the turner's, the cabinet-maker's, even the black ironmonger's and noisy tinman's shop, afforded entertainment for many a morning; a trifling gratuity often purchased much instruction, and Madame de Rosier always examined the countenance of the workman, before she suffered

her little pupils, to attack him with questions. The eager curiosity of children is generally rather agreeable, than tormenting, to tradesmen, who are not too busy to be benevolent: and the care which Herbert took not to be troublesome, pleased those to whom he addressed himself. —He was delighted at the upholsterer's to observe, that his little models of furniture had taught him how several things were *put together*, and he soon learned the workmen's names for his ideas. He readily understood the use of all that he saw, when he went to a book-binder's and to a printing office, because, in his own printing and book-binder's press, he had seen similar contrivances in miniature.

Prints, as well as models, were used to enlarge his ideas of visible objects.—Madame de Rosier borrowed the Dictionnaire des Arts et des Métiers, Buffon, and several books, which contained good prints of animals, machines, and architecture; these provided amusement on rainy days. At first, she found it difficult to fix the attention of the boisterous Herbert, and the capricious Favoretta.—Before they had half examined one print, they wanted to turn over the leaf to see another; but this desultory impatient curiosity she endeavoured to cure, by steadily showing only one or two prints for one day's

amusement. Herbert, who could but just spell words of one syllable, could not read what was written at the bottom of the prints, and he was sometimes ashamed of applying to Favoretta for assistance;—the names, that were printed upon his little models of furniture, he at length learned to make out. The press *was obliged to stand still*, when Favoretta, or his friend, Madame de Rosier, was not at hand, to tell him, letter by letter, how to spell the words, that he wanted to print. He, one evening, went up to Madame de Rosier, and, with a resolute face, said, "I must learn to read."

"If any body will be so good as to teach you, I suppose you mean;" said she, smiling*.

"Will *you* be so good?" said he: "perhaps you could teach me, though Grace says, 'tis very difficult;—I'll do my best."

"Then I'll do *my* best too," said Madame de Rosier.

The consequences of these good resolutions were surprising to Mrs. Grace.—Master Herbert was quite changed, she observed; and she wondered, why he would never read, when she took so much pains with him for an hour every day to hear him his task.—"Madame de What d'ye call her," added Mrs. Grace, "need

* *Vide* Rousseau.

not boast much of the hand she has had in the business: for I've been by at odd times, and watched her ways, whilst I have been dressing Miss Favoretta, and she has been hearing you your task, Master Herbert."

"She does n't call it my task—I hate that word."

"Well, I don't know what she calls it; for I don't pretend to be a French governess, for my part; but I can read English, Master Herbert, as well as another; and it's strange if I could not teach my mother tongue, better than an emigrant.—What I say is, that she never takes much pains one way or the other; for by the clock, in mistress's dressing room, I minuted her twice, and she was five minutes at one time, and not above seven the other.—Easy earning money for governesses now-a-days.—No tasks!—No, not she!—Nothing all day long, but play!—play—play, laughing, and running, and walking, and going to see all the shops and sights, and going out in the coach to bring home radishes, and tongue grass, to be sure—and every thing in the house is to be as she pleases, to be sure.—I am sure my mistress is too good to her, only because she was born a lady, they say.—Do pray, Master Herbert, stand still, whilst I comb your hair, unless that's against your new governess's commandments."

"I'll comb my own hair, Grace," said Herbert, manfully.—"I don't like one word you have been saying; though I don't mind any thing you, or any body else, can say against *my friend*.—She is my friend—and she has taught me to read, I say, without bouncing me about, and shaking me, and Master Herbert*ing* me for ever. And what harm did it do the coach, to bring home my radishes?—My radishes are come up, and she shall have some of them.—And I like the sights and shops she shows me,—but she does not like that I should talk to you, therefore I'll say no more;—but good morning to you, Grace."

Herbert, red with generous passion, rushed out of the room; and Grace, pale with malicious rage, turned towards the other door, that opened into Mrs. Harcourt's bedchamber, for Madame de Rosier, at this moment, appeared.——"I thought I heard a great noise?"—"It was only Master Herbert, ma'am, that *won't never* stand still to have his hair combed—and says he'll comb it for himself—I am sure I wish he would."

Madame de Rosier saw, by the embarrassed manner and stifled choler of Mrs. Grace, that the whole truth of the business had not been told, and she repented her indiscretion, in having left Herbert

with her even for a few minutes. She forbore, however, to question Herbert, who maintained a *dignified* silence upon the subject; and the same species of silence would also become the historian upon this occasion, were it not necessary, that the character of an intriguing lady's maid should, for the sake both of parents and children, be fully delineated.

Mrs. Grace, offended by Madame de Rosier's success in teaching her former pupil to read, jealous of this lady's favour with her mistress and with the young ladies, irritated by the bold defiance of the indignant champion, who had stood forth in his *friend's* defence, formed a *secret* resolution to obtain revenge. This she imparted, the very same day, to her confidant, Mrs. Rebecca. Mrs. Rebecca was the favourite maid of Mrs. Fanshaw, an acquaintance of Mrs. Harcourt's—Grace invited Mrs. Rebecca, to drink tea with her.—As soon as the preliminary ceremonies of the tea table had been adjusted, she proceeded to state her grievances—

"In former times, as nobody knows better than you, Mrs. Rebecca, I had my mistress's ear, and was all and all in the house, with her and the young ladies, and the old governess—and it was I, that was to teach Master Herbert to read, and Miss Favoretta was almost constantly,

from morning to night, except when she was called for by company, with me, and a sweet little, well dressed creature, always you know, she was."

"A sweet little creature, indeed, ma'am, and I was wondering, before you spoke, not to see her in your room as usual, to night;" replied Mrs. Rebecca.

"Dear Mrs. Rebecca, you need not wonder at that, or any thing else that's wonderful, in our present government above stairs, I'll assure you; for we have a new French governess, and new measures.—Do you know, ma'am, the coach is ordered to go about, at all hours, whenever she pleases *for to* take the young ladies out, and she is quite like my mistress. But no one can bear two mistresses, you know, Mrs. Rebecca, wherefore I'm come to a resolution, in short, that either she or I shall quit the house, and we shall presently see which of us it must be. Mrs. Harcourt, at the upshot of all things, must be conscious, at the bottom of her heart, that if she is the elegantest dresser about town, it's not all her own merit."

"Very true, indeed, Mrs. Grace," replied her complaisant friend, "and what sums of money her millinery might cost her, if she had no one clever at making up things at home? You are blamed by

many, let me tell you, for doing as much as you do;—Mrs. Private, the milliner, I know, from the best authority, is not your friend—now, for my part, I think it is no bad thing to have friends *abroad*, if one comes to any difficulties at home.—Indeed, my dear, your attachment to Mrs. Harcourt quite blinds you—but, to be sure, you know your own affairs best."

"Why, I am not for changing, when I am well," replied Grace; "Mrs. Harcourt is abroad a great deal, and hers is, all things considered, a very eligible house. Now, what I build my hopes upon, my dear Mrs. Rebecca, is this—that ladies, like some people, who have been beauties, and come to *make themselves up*, and wear pearl powder, and false auburn hair, and twenty things that are not to be advertised, you know, don't like quarrelling with those that are in the secret—and ladies, who have never made a *rout* about governesses and *edication*, till lately, and now, perhaps, only for fashion's sake, would, upon a pinch—don't you think—rather part with a French governess, when there are so many, than with a favourite maid, who knows her ways, *and has* a good taste in dress, which so few can boast?"

"O, surely! surely!" said Mrs. Rebecca, and having tasted Mrs. Grace's

crême-de-noyau, it was decided, that war should be declared against *the governess.*

Madame de Rosier, happily unconscious of the machinations of her enemies, and even unsuspicious of having any, was, during this important conference, employed in reading Marmontel's Silvain, with Isabella and Matilda. They were extremely interested in this little play, and Mrs. Harcourt, who came into the room, whilst they were reading, actually sat down on the sofa beside Isabella, and, putting her arm round her daughter's waist, said—" Go on, love, let me have a share in some of your pleasures—lately, whenever I see you, you all look the picture of happiness—Go on, pray, Madame de Rosier."

" It was I, who was reading, mamma," said Isabella, pointing to the place over Madame de Rosier's shoulder—

" Une femme douce et sage
A toujours tant d'avantage!
Ella a pour elle en partage
L'agrément, et la raison."

" Isabella," said Mrs. Harcourt, from whom a scarcely audible sigh had escaped, " Isabella really reads French, almost as well as she does English."

" I am improved, very much, since I have heard Madame de Rosier read;" said Isabella.

"I don't doubt *that*, in the least; you are, all of you, much improved, I think, in every thing;—I am sure I feel very much obliged to Madame de Rosier."

Matilda looked pleased by this speech of her mother's, and affectionately said—"I am glad, mamma, you like her as well as we do—O! I forgot that Madame de Rosier was by—but it is not flattery, however."

"You see you have won all their hearts"—*from me*, Mrs. Harcourt was near saying, but she paused, and, with a faint laugh, added, "yet you see I am not jealous.—Matilda! read those lines, that your sister has just read, I want to hear them again."

Mrs. Harcourt sent for her work, and spent the evening at home. Madame de Rosier, without effort or affectation, dissipated the slight feeling of jealousy, which she observed in the mother's mind, and directed towards her the attention of her children, without disclaiming, however, the praise that was justly her due. She was aware, that she could not increase her pupil's real affection for their mother, by urging them to sentimental hypocrisy.

Whether Mrs. Harcourt understood her conduct this evening, she could not discover, for politeness does not always speak the unqualified language of the heart—

but she trusted to the effect of time, on which persons of integrity may always securely rely for their reward.—Mrs. Harcourt gradually discovered, that, as she became more interested in the occupations and amusements of her children, they became more and more grateful for her sympathy; she consequently grew fonder of domestic life, and of the person, who had introduced its pleasures into her family.

That we may not be accused of attributing any miraculous power to our French governess, we shall explain the natural means, by which she improved her pupils.

We have already pointed out, how she discouraged, in Isabella, the vain desire to load her memory with historical and chronological facts, merely for the purpose of ostentation. She gradually excited her to read books of reasoning, and began with those, in which reasoning and amusement are mixed. She also endeavoured to cultivate her imagination, by giving her a few well chosen passages to read, from the best English, French, and Italian poets. It was an easier task to direct the activity of Isabella's mind, than to excite Matilda's dormant powers. Madame de Rosier patiently waited, till she discovered something, which seemed to please Matilda more than usual. The first book,

that she appeared to like particularly, was " Les Conversations d'Emilie;" one passage she read with great delight, aloud, and Madame de Rosier, who perceived by the manner of reading it, that she completely understood the elegance of the French, begged her to try if she could translate it into English. It was not more than half a page. Matilda was not terrified at the length of such an undertaking; —she succeeded, and the praises, that were bestowed upon her translation, excited in her mind some portion of ambition.

Madame de Rosier took the greatest care in conversing with Matilda, to make her feel her own powers; whenever she used good arguments, they were immediately attended to; and when Matilda perceived, that a prodigious memory was not essential to success, she was inspired with courage, to converse unreservedly.

An accident pointed out to Madame de Rosier another resource in Matilda's education.—One day Herbert called his sister Matilda to look at an ant, who was trying to crawl up a stick; he seemed scarcely able to carry his large white load in his little forceps, and he frequently fell back, when he had just reached the top of the stick.—Madame de Rosier, who knew how much of the art of instruction depends upon seizing the proper mo-

ments to introduce new ideas, asked Herbert, whether he had ever heard of the poor snail, who, like this ant, slipped back continually, as he was endeavouring to climb a wall twenty feet high.

"I never heard of that snail—pray tell me the story!" cried Herbert.

"It is not a story—it is a question in arithmetic;" replied Madame de Rosier. —"This snail was to crawl up a wall, twenty feet high; he crawled up five feet every day, and slipped back again four feet every night;—in how many days did he reach the top of the wall?"

"I love questions in arithmetic," exclaimed Matilda, "when they are not too difficult!" and immediately she whispered, to Madame de Rosier, the answer to this easy question.

Her exclamation was not lost;—Madame de Rosier determined to cultivate her talents for arithmetic. Without fatiguing Matilda's attention, by long exercises in the common rules, she gave her questions, which obliged her *to think*, and which excited her to reason, and to invent; she gradually explained to her pupil the relations of numbers, and gave her rather more clear ideas of the nature and use of the common rules of arithmetic, than she had acquired from her writing master, who had taught them only in a technical manner.—Matilda's confidence

in herself was thus increased.—When she had answered a difficult question, she could not doubt that she had succeeded; this was not a matter that admitted of the uncertainty, which alarms timid tempers. —Madame de Rosier began, by asking her young arithmetician questions only when they were by themselves—but by and by she appealed to her before the rest of the family.—Matilda coloured at first, and looked as if she knew nothing of the business; but a distinct answer was given at last, and Isabella's opinion of her sister's abilities rose with amazing rapidity, when she heard, that Matilda understood decimal fractions.

"Now, my dear Matilda," said Madame de Rosier, "since you understand, what even Isabella thinks difficult, you will, I hope, have sufficient confidence in yourself, to attempt things, which Isabella does not think difficult."

Matilda shook her head—"I am not Isabella, yet," said she.

"No!" cried Isabella, with generous, sincere warmth; "but you are much superior to Isabella; I am certain, that I could not answer those difficult questions, though you think me so quick—and, when once you have learned any thing, you never forget it;—the ideas are not superficial," continued Isabella, turning

to Madame de Rosier, "they have depth, like the pins in Mosaic work."

Madame de Rosier smiled at this allusion, and encouraged by her smile, Isabella's active imagination immediately produced another simile.

"I did not know my sister's abilities, till lately—till you drew them out, Madame de Rosier, like your drawing upon the screen in sympathetic inks;—when you first produced it, I looked, and said there was nothing—and when I looked again, after you had held it to the fire for a few moments, beautiful colours and figures appeared."

We hope our readers have observed, that Isabella's conversation has become more agreeable, since she has suppressed some of her "remarkable events."—When the memory is overloaded, the imagination, or the inventive faculty, often remains inactive; wit, as well as invention, depends upon the quick combination of ideas.

Madame de Rosier, without using any artifice, succeeded in making Isabella and Matilda friends, instead of rivals, by placing them, as much as possible, in situations, in which they could mutually sympathize, and by discouraging all painful competition.

With Herbert and Favoretta she pursued a similar plan. She scarcely ever

left them alone together, that she might not run the hazard of their quarrelling in her absence. At this age, children have not sufficient command of their tempers—they do not understand the nature of society and of justice—the less they are left together, when they are of unequal strength, and *when they have not any employments, in which they are mutually interested*, the better. Favoretta and Herbert's petty, but loud and violent disputes, had nearly ceased, since these precautions had been regularly attended to; as they had a great deal of amusement in the few hours which they spent together, they grew fond of each other's company;—when Herbert was out in his little garden, he was impatient for the time, when Favoretta was to come to visit his works; and Favoretta had equal pleasure, in exhibiting to her brother her various manufactures.

Madame de Rosier used to hear them read in Mrs. Barbauld's excellent little books, and in "Evenings at Home;" she generally told them some interesting story, when they had finished reading, and they regularly seated themselves, side by side, on the carpet, opposite to her.

One day Herbert established himself, in what he called his "*happy corner*."—Favoretta placed herself close beside him, and Madame de Rosier read to them that part of Sandford and Merton, in which

Squire Chace is represented beating Harry Sandford unmercifully, because he refused to tell which way the hare was gone. Madame de Rosier observed, that this story made a great impression upon Herbert, and she thought it a good opportunity, whilst his mind was warm, to point out the difference between resolution and obstinacy. Herbert had been formerly disposed to obstinacy; but this defect in his temper never broke out towards Madame de Rosier, because she carefully avoided urging him to do those things, to which she knew him to be averse; and she frequently desired him to do, what she knew would be agreeable to him: she thought it best to suffer him, gradually, to forget his former bad habits and false associations, before she made any trial of his obedience; then she endeavoured to give him new habits, by placing him in new situations.—She now resolved to address herself to his understanding, which, she perceived, had opened to reason.

He exclaimed with admiration, upon hearing the account of Harry Sandford's fortitude—" That's right!—that's right! —I'm glad Harry did not tell that cruel Squire Chace, which way the hare was gone.—I like Harry for bearing to be beaten, *rather than speak a word when he did not choose it.*—I love Harry, don't

you?" said he, appealing to Madame de Rosier.

"Yes—I like him very much," said Madame de Rosier, "but not for the reason that you have just given."

"No!" said Herbert, starting up—"why, ma'am, don't you like Harry for saving the poor hare? don't you admire him for bearing all the hard blows, and for saying, when the man asked him afterward, why he didn't tell which way the hare was gone—'Because I don't choose to betray the unfortunate?'"

"O! don't you love him for that?" said Favoretta, rising from her seat, "I think Herbert himself would have given just such an answer, only not in such good words;—I wonder, Madame de Rosier, you don't like that answer!"

"I have never said, that I did not like that answer," said Madame de Rosier, as soon as she was permitted to speak.

"Then you *do* like it? then you do like Harry?" exclaimed Herbert and Favoretta, both at once.

"Yes—I like that answer, Herbert; I like your friend Harry for saying, that he did not *choose* to betray the unfortunate; —you did not do *him* justice, or yourself, when you said, just now, that you liked Harry, because he bore to be beat, rather than speak a word when he did not *choose it*."

Herbert looked puzzled.

"I mean," continued Madame de Rosier, "that, before I can determine, whether I like and admire any body, for persisting in doing, or in not doing any thing, I must hear their reasons for their resolution—'I don't choose it,' is no reason—I must hear their reasons for choosing, or not choosing it, before I can judge."

"And I have told you the reason Harry gave, for not choosing to speak when he was asked, and you said it was a good one—and you like him for his courage, don't you?" said Herbert.

"Yes," said Madame de Rosier; "those who are resolute, when they have good reasons for their resolution, I admire;—those who persist, merely because *they choose it*, and who cannot, or will not, tell why they choose it, I despise."

"O! so do I!" said Favoretta: "you know, brother, whenever you say you don't choose it, I am always angry, and ask you why."

"And if you were not *always* angry," said Madame de Rosier, "perhaps, *sometimes*, your brother would tell you why."

"Yes, that I should," said Herbert; "I always have a good reason to give Favoretta, though I don't always choose to give it."

"Then," said Madame de Rosier, "you

cannot always expect your sister to admire the justice of your decisions."

"No," replied Herbert; "but when I don't give her a reason, 'tis generally because it is not worth while. There can be no great wisdom, you know, in resolutions about trifles—such as, whether she should be my horse, or I her horse—or whether I should water my radishes before breakfast, or after."

"Certainly, you are right; there can be no great wisdom in resolutions about such trifles, therefore wise people never are obstinate about trifles."

"Do you know," cried Herbert, after a pause, "they used, before you came, to say, that I was obstinate; but with you I have never been obstinate, because you know how to manage me; you manage me a great deal more *cunningly*, than Grace used to do."

"I would not manage you more *cunningly*, than Grace used to do, if I could," replied Madame de Rosier, "for then I should manage you worse than she did.—It is no pleasure to me to govern you; I had much rather, that you should use your reason to govern yourself."

Herbert pulled down his waistcoat, and, drawing up his head, looked with conscious dignity at Favoretta.

"You know," continued Madame de

Rosier, "that there are two ways of governing people, by reason and by force. Those who have no reason, or who do not use it, must be governed by force."

"I am not one of those," said Herbert, "for I hate force."

"But you must also love reason," said Madame de Rosier, "if you would not be *one of those*."

"Well, so I do, when I hear it from *you*," replied Herbert, bluntly, "for you give me reasons, that I can understand, when you ask me to do, or not to do any thing—I wish people would always do so."

"But Herbert," said Madame de Rosier, "you must sometimes be contented to do as you are desired, even when I do not think it proper to give you my reasons—you will, hereafter, find, that I have good ones."

"I have found that already, in a great many things," said Herbert, "especially about the caterpillar."

"What about the caterpillar?" said Favoretta.

"Don't you remember," said Herbert, "the day that I was going to tread upon what, I thought, was a little bit of black stick, and *she* desired me not to do it, and I did not, and afterward I found out, that it was a caterpillar;—ever since that day, I have been more ready, you know," continued he, turning to Madame de Rosier,

"to believe, that you might be in the right, and to do as you bid me—you don't think me obstinate, do you?"

"No;" said Madame de Rosier.

"No! no!—do your hear that, Favoretta?" cried Herbert, joyfully, "Grace used to say I was as obstinate as a mule, and she used to call me an ass, too; but even poor asses are not obstinate, when they are well treated. Where is the ass, in the Cabinet of Quadrupeds, Favoretta, which we were looking at, the other day? —O pray let me read the account to you, Madame de Rosier.—It is towards the middle of the book, Favoretta—let me look, I can find it in a minute——It is not long—may I read it to you?"

Madame de Rosier consented, and Herbert read as follows:—

"Much has been said of the stupid and stubborn disposition of the ass, but we are greatly inclined to suspect, that the aspersion is ill-founded; whatever bad qualities of this kind he may sometimes possess, they do not appear to be the consequences of any natural defect in his constitution or temper, but arise from the manner used in training him, and the bad treatment he receives. We are the rather led to this assertion, from having lately seen one, which experiences a very different kind of treatment from his master, than is the fate of the generality of asses.—The humane

owner of this individual is an old man, whose employment is the selling of vegetables, which he conveys, from door to door, on the back of his ass. He is constantly baiting the poor creature with handfuls of hay, pieces of bread, or greens, which he procures in his progress. It is with pleasure we relate, for we have often curiously observed the old man's demeanour towards his ass, that he seldom carries any instrument of incitement with him, nor did we ever see him lift his hand to drive it on.

"Upon our observing to him, that he seemed to be very kind to his ass, and inquiring whether he were apt to be stubborn, how long he had had him, &c. he replied—'Ah, master, it is no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain, for he is ready to do any thing, and will go any where; I bred him myself, and have had him these two years; he is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me;—you will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, to stop him, but they were not able to effect it, yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped, till he run his head kindly into my breast.'

"The countenance of this individual is open, lively, and cheerful; his pace, nimble and regular; and the only induce-

ment used, to make him increase his speed, is that of calling him by name, which he readily obeys."

"I am not an *ass*," said Herbert, laughing, as he finished this sentence, "but I think Madame de Rosier is very like the good old man, and I always obey whenever she speaks to me.—By the by," continued Herbert, who now seemed eager to recollect something, by which he could show his readiness to obey, "by the by, Grace told me, that my mother desired I should go to her, and have my hair combed every day—now I don't like it, but I will do it, because mamma desires it, and I will go this instant;—will you come and see how still I can stand—I will show you that I am not obstinate."

Madame de Rosier followed the little hero, to witness his triumph *over himself*.—Grace happened to be with her mistress, who was dressing.

"Mamma, I am come to do as you bid me," cried Herbert, walking stoutly into the room: "Grace, here's the comb;" and he turned to her the tangled locks at the back of his head. She pulled unmercifully, but he stood without moving a muscle of his countenance.

Mrs. Harcourt, who saw in her looking-glass what was passing, turned round, and said—"Gently, gently Grace; indeed,

Grace, you do pull that poor boy's hair, as if you thought, that his head had no feeling;—I am sure, if you were to pull my hair in that manner, I could not bear it so well."

"Your hair!—O, dear ma'am, that's quite another thing—but Master Herbert's is always in such a tangle, there's no such thing as managing it."—Again Mrs. Grace gave a desperate pull—Herbert bore it, looked up at Madame de Rosier, and said—"Now that was resolution, not obstinacy, you know."

"Here is your little, obedient, and patient boy," said Madame de Rosier, leading Herbert to his mother, "who deserves to be rewarded with a kiss from you."

"That he shall have," said Mrs. Harcourt; "but why does Grace pull your hair so hard? and are not you almost able to comb your own hair?"

"Able! that I am.—O, mother, I wish I might do it for myself."

"And has Madame de Rosier any objection to it?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"None in the least," said Madame de Rosier; "on the contrary, I wish that he should do every thing, that he can do, for himself; but he told me, that it was your desire, that he should apply to Mrs. Grace, and I was pleased to see his ready obedience to your wishes;—you may be very certain, that even in the slightest trifle,

as well as in matters of consequence, it is *our* wish, as much as it is our duty, to do exactly as you desire."

"My dear Madame," said Mrs. Harcourt, laying her hand upon Madame de Rosier's, with an expression of real kindness, mixed with her habitual politeness, "I am sensible of your goodness, but, you know, that in the slightest trifles, as well as in matters of consequence, I leave every thing, implicitly, to your better judgement; as to this business between Herbert and Grace, I don't understand it."

"Mother"——said Herbert.

"Ma'am," said Grace, pushing forward, but not very well knowing what she intended to say, "if you recollect, you desired me to comb Master Herbert's hair, ma'am—and I told Master Herbert so, ma'am—that's all."

"I do not recollect any thing about it, indeed, Grace."

"O, dear ma'am! don't you recollect the last day there was company, and Master Herbert came to the top of the stairs, and you was looking at the *organ's*-lamp, I said, dear! Master Herbert's hair's as rough as a porcupine's—and you said, directly, ma'am, if you recollect, I wish you would make that boy's hair fit to be seen;—those *was* your very words, ma'am

—and I thought you meant always, ma'am."

"You mistook me, Grace," said Mrs. Harcourt, smiling at her maid's eager volubility; "in future, you understand, that Herbert is to be entire master of his own hair."

"Thank you, mother," said Herbert.

"Nay, my dear Herbert, thank Madame de Rosier; I only speak in her name. You understand, *I am sure*, Grace, *now*;" said Mrs. Harcourt, calling to her maid, who seemed to be in haste to quit the room—"you, I hope, understand, Grace, that Madame de Rosier and I are always of one mind about the children—therefore, you need never be puzzled by contradictory orders—her's are to be obeyed."

Mrs. Harcourt was so much pleased, when she looked at Herbert, as she concluded this sentence, to see an expression of great affection and gratitude, that she stooped, instantly, to kiss him.

"Another kiss! two kisses to day from my mother, and one of her own accord!" exclaimed Herbert joyfully, running out of the room, to tell the news to Favoretta.

"That boy has a heart;" said Mrs. Harcourt, with some emotion—"you have found it out for me, Madame de Rosier, and I thank you."

Madame de Rosier seized the propitious moment, to present a card of invitation, which Herbert, with much labour, had printed with his little printing press.

"What have we here?" said Mrs. Harcourt, and she read aloud—

"Mr. Herbert Harcourt's love to his dear mother, and, if she be not engaged this evening, he should be exceedingly glad of her company, to meet Isabella, Matilda, Favoretta, and Madame de Rosier, who have promised to sup with him upon his own radishes to-night.—They are all very impatient for *your* answer."

"My answer they shall have in an instant," said Mrs. Harcourt;—"why, Madame de Rosier, this is the boy, who could neither read nor spell six months ago.—Will you be my messenger?" added she, putting a card into Madame de Rosier's hand, which she had written with rapidity.

"Mrs. Harcourt's love to her dear little Herbert—if she had a hundred other invitations, she would accept of his."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Grace, when she found the feathers, which she had placed with so much skill in her mistress's hair, lying upon the table half an hour afterward—"why, I thought my mistress was going out!"

Grace's surprise deprived her even of

the power of exclamation, when she learned, that her mistress staid at home, to sup with Master Herbert upon radishes. —At night she listened with malignant curiosity, as she sat at work in her mistress's dressing-room, to the frequent bursts of laughter, and to the happy little voices of the festive company, who were at supper in an adjoining apartment.

"This will never do!" thought Grace; but presently the laughter ceased, and listening attentively, she heard the voice of one of *the young ladies* reading.—"O ho!" thought Grace, "if it comes to reading, Master Herbert will soon be asleep."—But though it had *come to reading*, Herbert was, at this instant, broad awake.

At supper, when the radishes were distributed, Favoretta was very impatient to taste them; the first, which she tasted, was *hot*, she said, and she did not quite like it.

"*Hot!*" cried Herbert, who criticised her language, in return for her criticism upon his radishes—"I don't think you can call a radish *hot*—it is cold, I think; I know what is meant by tasting sweet, or sour, or bitter."

"Well," interrupted Favoretta, "what is the name for the taste of this radish, which bites my tongue?"

"*Pungent*;" said Isabella, and she ea-

gerly produced a quotation, in support of her epithet—

"And *pungent* radish biting infant's tongue."

"I know, for once," said Matilda, smiling, "where you met with that line, I believe.—Is it not in Shenstone's Schoolmistress, in the description of the old woman's neat little garden?"

"O! I should like to hear about that old woman's neat little garden;" cried Herbert.

"And so should I!" said Mrs. Harcourt and Madame de Rosier.

Isabella quickly produced the book after supper, and read the poem.

Herbert and Favoretta liked the old woman and her garden, and they were much interested for the little boy, who was whipped, for having been gazing at the pictures on the horn-book, instead of learning his lesson—but, to Isabella's great mortification, they did not understand above half of what she read—the old English expressions puzzled them.

"You would not be surprised at this, my dear Isabella," said Madame de Rosier, "if you had made as many experiments upon children, as I have.—It is quite a new language to them,—and what you have just been reading, is scarcely intelligible to me, though you com-

pliment me so much upon my knowledge of the English language." Madame de Rosier took the book, and pointed to several words, which she had not understood — such as "eftsoons," "certes," "*Dan* Phœbus," and "*ne* and *y*," which had made many lines incomprehensible.

Herbert, when he heard Madame de Rosier confess her ignorance, began to take courage, and came forward with his confessions.

"*Gingerbread y rare*," he thought, was some particular kind of gingerbread —and "*Apples with cabbage-net y covered o'er*" presented no delightful image to his mind—because, as he said, he did not know what the word, *netycovered*, could mean.

These mistakes occasioned some laughter, but as Herbert perceived, that he was no longer thought stupid, he took all the laughter with good humour, and he determined to follow in future Madame de Rosier's example, in pointing out the words which were puzzling.

Grace was astonished, at the conclusion of the evening, to find Master Herbert in such high spirits.—The next day she heard sounds of woe, sounds agreeable to her wishes.—Favoretta crying upon the stairs.—It had been a rainy morning. —Favoretta and Herbert had been disap-

pointed, in not being able to walk out; and, after having been amused the preceding evening, they were less disposed to bear disappointment, and less inclined to employ themselves, than usual.—Favoretta had finished her little basket, and her mother had promised, that it should appear at the dessert—but it wanted some hours of dinner time; and between the making and the performance of a promise how long the time appears to an impatient child! how many events happen, which may change the mind of the promiser!

Madame de Rosier had lent Favoretta and Herbert for their amusement, the first number of 'The Cabinet of Quadrupeds,' in which there are beautiful prints; but, unfortunately, some dispute arose between the children. Favoretta thought her brother looked too long at the hunch-backed camel—he accused her of turning over leaves before she had half seen the prints; but she listened not to his just reproaches, for she had caught a glimpse of the royal tiger springing upon Mr. Munro, and she could no longer restrain her impatience. Each party began to pull at the book, and the camel and the royal tiger were both in eminent danger of being torn in pieces, when Madame de Rosier interfered, parted the combatants,

and sent them into separate rooms, as it was her custom to do, whenever they could not agree together.

Grace, the moment she heard Favoretta crying, went up to the room where she was and made her tiptoe approaches, addressing Favoretta in a tone of compassion, which, to a child's unpractised ear, might appear, perhaps, the natural voice of sympathy. The sobbing child hid her face in Grace's lap, and when she had told her complaint against Madame de Rosier, Grace comforted her for the loss of the royal tiger, by the present of a queen-cake.—Grace did not dare to stay long in the room, lest Madame de Rosier should detect her—she therefore left the little girl, with a strict charge "not to say a word of the queen-cake to her governess."

Favoretta kept the queen-cake, that she might divide it with Herbert; for she now recollected, that she had been most to blame in the dispute about the prints. Herbert absolutely refused, however, to have any share of the cake, and he strongly urged his sister, to return it to Grace.

Herbert had, *formerly*, to use his own expression, been accused of being fond of eating, and so, perhaps, he was; but since he had acquired other pleasures, those of affection and employment, his love of

eating had diminished so much, that he had eaten only one of his own radishes, because he felt more pleasure in distributing the rest to his mother and sisters.

It was with some difficulty, that he prevailed upon Favoretta, to restore the queen-cake: the arguments that he used, we shall not detail, but he concluded with promising, that if Favoretta would return the cake, he would ask Madame de Rosier, the next time they passed by the pastry-cook's shop, to give them some queen-cakes—"and I dare say she will give us some, for she is much more *really* good-natured than Grace."

Favoretta, with this hope of a future queen-cake, in addition to all her brother's arguments, at last determined to return Grace's present—"Herbert says, I had better give it you back again," said she, "because Madame de Rosier does not know of it."

Grace was somewhat surprised by the effect of Herbert's oratory, and she saw, that she must change her ground.

The next day when the children were walking with Madame de Rosier, by a pastry-cook's shop, Herbert, with an honest countenance, asked Madame de Rosier, to give Favoretta and him a queen-cake. She complied, for she was glad to find, that he always asked frankly for

what he wanted, and yet, that he bore refusals with good humour.

Just as Herbert was going to eat his queen-cake, he heard the sound of music in the street—he went to the door, and saw a poor man, who was playing on the dulcimer — a little boy was with him, who looked extremely thin and hungry —he asked Herbert for some halfpence.

"I have no money of my own," said Herbert, "but I can give you this, which is my own."

Madame de Rosier held his hand back, which he had just stretched out to offer his queen-cake; she advised him to exchange it for something more substantial; she told him, that he might have two buns for one queen-cake. He immediately changed it for two buns, and gave them to the little boy, who thanked him heartily. The man, who was playing on the dulcimer, asked where Herbert lived, and promised to stop at his door to play a tune for him, which he seemed to like particularly.

Convinced by the affair of the queen-cake, that Herbert's influence was a matter of some consequence in the family, Mrs. Grace began to repent, that she had made him her enemy, and she resolved, upon the first convenient occasion, to make him overtures of peace—over-

tures, which, she had no doubt, would be readily accepted.

One morning she heard him sighing and groaning, as she thought, over some difficult sum, which Madame de Rosier had set for him; he cast up one row aloud several times, but could not bring the total twice to the same thing. When he took his sum to Madame de Rosier, who was dressing, he was kept waiting a few minutes at the door, because Favoretta was not dressed. The young gentleman became a little impatient, and when he gained admittance, his sum was wrong.

"Then I cannot make it right;" said Herbert, passionately.

"Try," said Madame de Rosier; "go into that closet by yourself, and try once more, and perhaps you will find, that you *can* make it right."

Herbert knelt down in the closet, though rather unwillingly, to this provoking sum.

"Master Herbert, my dear," said Mrs. Grace, following him, "will you be so good, as to go for Miss Favoretta's scissars, if you please, which she lent you yesterday—she wants 'em, my dear."

Herbert, surprised by the unusually good-natured tone of this request, ran for the scissars, and, at his return, found that his difficult sum had been cast up in his

absence; the total was written at the bottom of it, and he read these words, which he knew to be Mrs. Grace's writing—"Rub out my *figurs*, and write them in your own."—Herbert immediately rubbed out Mrs. Grace's figures with indignation, and determined to do the sum for himself.—He carried it to Madame de Rosier—it was wrong—Grace stared, and when she saw Herbert patiently stand beside Madame de Rosier, and repeat his efforts, she gave up all idea of obtaining any influence over him.

"Madame de Rosier," said she to herself, "has bewitched 'em all, I think—it's odd one can't find out her art!"

Mrs. Grace seemed to think, that she could catch the knack of educating children, as she had surreptitiously learnt from a fashionable hair-dresser, the art of dressing hair.—Ever since Mrs. Harcourt had spoken, in such a decided manner, respecting Madame de Rosier, her maid had artfully maintained the greatest appearance of respect for that lady, in her mistress's presence; and had even been scrupulous, to a troublesome extreme, in obeying *the governess's orders:* and by a studied show of attachment to Mrs. Harcourt, and much alacrity at her toilette, she had, as she flattered herself, secured a fresh portion of favour.

One morning Mrs. Harcourt found,

when she awoke, that she had a headache, and a slight feverish complaint.—She had caught cold the night before in coming out of a warm assembly room. Mrs. Grace affected to be much alarmed at her mistress's indisposition, and urged her to send immediately for Doctor X——. To this Mrs. Harcourt half consented, and a messenger was sent for him.—In the mean time Mrs. Harcourt, who had been used to be much attended to in her slight indispositions, expressed some surprise, that Madame de Rosier, or some of her children, when they heard that she was ill, had not come to see her.

"Where is Isabella? where is Matilda? or Favoretta? what is become of them all? do they know I am ill, Grace?"

"O dear! yes, ma'am; but they're all gone out in the coach, with Madame de Rosier."

"All?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"All I believe, ma'am," said Grace; "though, indeed, I can't pretend to be sure, since I make it my business not to scrutinize, and to know as little as possible of what's going on in the house, lest I should seem to be too particular."

"Did Madame de Rosier leave any message for me, before she went out?"

"Not with me, ma'am."

Here the prevaricating waiting-maid told barely the truth in words;—Ma-

dame de Rosier had left a message with the footman, in Grace's hearing.

"I hope, ma'am," continued Grace, "you weren't disturbed with the noise in the house early this morning?"

"What noise?—I heard no noise;" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"No noise! dear ma'am, I'm as glad as can possibly be of that, at any rate—but to be sure there was a great racket. I was sadly afraid, ma'am, it would do no good to your poor head."

"What was the matter?" said Mrs. Harcourt, drawing back the curtain.

"O! nothing, ma'am, that need alarm you—only music and dancing."

"Music and dancing, so early in the morning?—Do, Grace, say all you have to say, at once, for you keep me in suspense, which, I am sure, is not good for my head."

"La, ma'am, I was so afraid it would make you angry, ma'am, that was what made me so backward in mentioning it; —but, to be sure, Madame de Rosier, and the young ladies, and Master Herbert, I suppose, thought you couldn't hear, because it was in the back parlour, ma'am."

"Hear what? what was in the back parlour?"

"Only a dulcimer man, ma'am, playing for the young ladies."

"Did you tell them I was ill, Grace?"

It was the second time Mrs. Harcourt had asked this question.—Grace was gratified by this symptom.

"Indeed, ma'am," she replied, "I did make bold to tell Master Herbert, that I was afraid you would hear him jumping and making such an uproar up and down the stairs, but, to be sure, I did not say a word to the young ladies—as Madame de Rosier was by, I thought she knew best."

A gentle knock at the door interrupted Mrs. Grace's charitable animadversions.

"Bless me, if it isn't the young ladies! I'm sure, I thought, they were gone out in the coach."

As Isabella and Matilda came up to the side of their mother's bed, she said, in a languid voice——

"I hope, Matilda, my dear, you did not stay at home on my account——Is Isabella there?—What book has she in her hand?"

"Zeluco, mamma;—I thought, perhaps, you would like to hear some more of it—you liked what I read to you the other day."

"But you forget that I have a terrible head-ache—pray don't let me detain either of you, if you have any thing to do for Madame de Rosier."

"Nothing in the world, mamma,"

said Matilda, "she is gone out, with Herbert and Favoretta, to see a poor woman."

No farther explanation could take place, for, at this instant, Mrs. Grace introduced Dr. X——. Now Dr. X—— was not one of those complaisant physicians, who flatter ladies that they are very ill, when they have any desire to excite tender alarm.

After satisfying himself, that his patient was not quite so ill, as Mrs. Grace had affected to believe, Dr. X—— insensibly led from medical inquiries to general conversation;—he had much playful wit and knowledge of the human heart, mixed with a variety of information, so that he could with happy facility amuse and interest nervous patients, who were beyond the power of the solemn apothecary.

The doctor drew the young ladies into conversation, by rallying Isabella upon her simplicity, in reading a novel openly in her mother's presence; he observed, that she did not follow the example of the famous Serena, in 'The Triumphs of Temper.'—"Zeluco!" he exclaimed, in an ironical tone of disdain, "why not the charming 'Sorrows of Werter,' or some of our fashionable hobgoblin romances?"

Isabella undertook the defence of her book with much enthusiasm—and either

her cause, or her defence, was so much to Dr. X——'s taste, that he gradually gave up his feigned attack.

After the argument was over, and all the company, not excepting Mrs. Harcourt, who had almost forgotten her head-ache, were pleased with the vanquished doctor, he drew from his pocket-book three or four small cards;—they were tickets of admittance to Lady N——'s French reading parties.

Lady N—— was an elderly lady, whose rank made literature fashionable amongst many, who aspired to the honour of being noticed by her. She was esteemed such an excellent judge of manners, abilities, and character, that her approbation was anxiously courted, more especially by mothers who were just introducing their daughters into the world. She was fond of encouraging youthful merit—but she was nice, some thought fastidious, in her choice of her young acquaintance.

Mrs. Harcourt had been very desirous, that Isabella and Matilda should be early distinguished by a person, whose approving voice was of so much consequence in fashionable, as well as in literary society; and she was highly flattered by Dr. X——'s prophecy, that Isabella would be a great favourite of this 'nice judging'

lady——"Provided," added he, turning to Isabella, you have the prudence, not to be always, as you have been this morning, victorious in argument."

"I think," said Mrs. Harcourt—after the doctor had taken his leave,—"I think I am much better—ring for Grace, and I will get up."

"Mamma," said Matilda, "if you will give me leave, I will give my ticket for the reading party to Madame de Rosier, because I am sure, it is an entertainment she will like particularly—and, you know, she confines herself so much with us——"

"I do not wish her to confine herself *so* much, my dear, I am sure," said Mrs. Harcourt, coldly, for, at this instant, Grace's representations of the morning's music and dancing, and some remains of her former jealousy of Madame de Rosier's influence over her children's affections, operated upon her mind. Pride prevented her from explaining herself further to Isabella or Matilda—and though they saw that she was displeased, they had no idea of the reason.—As she was dressing, Mrs. Harcourt conversed with them about the books they were reading. Matilda was reading Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty; and she gave a distinct account of his theory.

Mrs. Harcourt, when she perceived her

daughter's rapid improvement, felt a mix ture of joy and sorrow.

"My dears," said she, "you will all of you be much superior to your mother— —but girls were educated, in my days, quite in a different style from what they are now."

"Ah! there were no Madame de Rosiers then;" said Matilda, innocently.

"What sort of a woman was your mother, mamma?" said Isabella, "my grandmother, mamma?"

"She—she was a very good woman."

"Was she sensible?" said Isabella.

"Matilda, my dear," said Mrs. Harcourt, "I wish you would see if Madame de Rosier has returned—I should be very glad to speak with her, for one moment, if she be not engaged."

Under the veil of politeness, Mrs. Harcourt concealed her real feelings, and declaring to Madame de Rosier, that she did not feel in spirits, or sufficiently well, to go out that evening, she requested, that Madame de Rosier would go, in her stead, to a dinner, where she knew her company would be particularly acceptable.——"You will trust me, will you, with your pupils, for one evening?" added Mrs. Harcourt.

The tone and manner, in which she pronounced these words, revealed the

real state of her mind to Madame de Rosier, who immediately complied with her wishes.

Conscious of this lady's quick penetration, Mrs. Harcourt was abashed by this ready compliance, and she blamed herself for feelings which she could not suppress.

"I am sorry, that you were not at home this morning," she continued, in a hurried manner, "you would have been delighted with Dr. X——; he is one of the most entertaining men I am acquainted with—and you would have been vastly proud of your pupil there," pointing to Isabella; "I assure you, she pleased me extremely."

In the evening, after Madame de Rosier's departure, Mrs. Harcourt was not quite so happy as she had expected.—They, who have only seen children in picturesque situations, are not aware, how much the duration of this domestic happiness depends upon those who have the care of them. People who, with the greatest abilities and the most anxious affection, are unexperienced in education, should not be surprised or mortified, if their first attempts be not attended with success.—Mrs. Harcourt thought that she was doing what was very useful, in hearing Herbert read;—he read with tolerable fluency, but he stopped at the end

of almost every sentence, to weigh the exact sense of the words.—In this habit he had been indulged, or rather, encouraged, by his preceptress; but his simple questions, and his desire to have every word precisely explained, were far from amusing to one, who was little accustomed to the difficulties and misapprehensions of a young reader.

Herbert was reading a passage, which Madame de Rosier had marked for him, in Xenophon's Cyropædia. With her explanations, it might have been intelligible to him.—Herbert read the account of Cyrus's judgement upon the two boys who had quarrelled about their great and little coats, much to his mother's satisfaction, because he understood every word of it, except the word *constituted.*

"*Constituted judge*—what does that mean, mamma?"

"Made a judge, my dear; go on."

"I saw a judge once, mamma, in a great wig—had Cyrus a wig, when he was con—consti—made a judge?"

Isabella and Mrs. Harcourt laughed at this question; and they endeavoured to explain the difference between a Persian and an English judge.

Herbert with some difficulty separated the ideas, which he had so firmly associated, of a judge and a great wig;—and when he had, or thought he had, an ab-

stract notion of a judge, he obeyed his mother's repeated injunctions of "Go on —go on."—He went on, after observing, that what came next was not marked by Madame de Rosier for him to read."

Cyrus's mother says to him, "*Child, the same things are not accounted just with your grandfather here, and yonder in Persia.*"

At this sentence Herbert made a dead stop; and, after pondering for some time, said, "I don't understand what Cyrus's mother meant—what does she mean by *accounted just?—Accounted*, Matilda, I thought meant only about casting up sums?"

"It has another meaning, my dear;" Matilda mildly began.

"O, for Heaven's sake, spare me;" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, "do not let me hear all the meanings of all the words in the English language.—Herbert may look for the words, that he does not understand, in the dictionary, when he has done reading.—Go on now, pray; for," added she, looking at her watch, "you have been half an hour reading half a page;—this would tire the patience of Job."

Herbert, perceiving that his mother was displeased, began, in the same instant, to be frightened; he hurried on as fast as he could, without understanding one word more of what he was reading; his preci-

pitation was worse than his slowness; he stumbled over the words, missed syllables, missed lines, made the most incomprehensible nonsense of the whole; till, at length, Mrs. Harcourt shut the book in despair—and soon afterward dispatched Herbert, who was also in despair, to bed.—At this catastrophe, Favoretta looked very grave, and a general gloom seemed to overspread the company.

Mrs. Harcourt was mortified at the silence that prevailed, and made several ineffectual attempts to revive the freedom and gaiety of conversation.—"Ah!" said she to herself, "I knew it would be so;—they cannot be happy without Madame de Rosier."

Isabella had taken up a book.—"Cannot you read for our entertainment, Isabella, my dear, as well as for your own," said her mother; "I assure you, I am as much interested always in what you read to me, as Madame de Rosier herself can be."

"I was just looking, mamma, for some lines, that we read the other day, which Madame de Rosier said she was sure you would like."

"Can you find them, Matilda?—You know, Madame de Rosier said, that mamma would like them, because she has been at the opera."

"I have been at a great many operas," said Mrs. Harcourt, drily; "but I like other things as well as operas—and I cannot precisely guess what you mean by *the* opera—has it no name?"

"Medea and Jason, ma'am."

"The *ballet* of Medea and Jason—It's a very fine thing certainly, but one has seen it so often.—Read on, my dear."

Isabella then read a passage, which, notwithstanding Mrs. Harcourt's inclination to be displeased, captivated her ear, and seized her imagination:

"Slow out of earth before the festive crowds,
On wheels of fire, amid a night of clouds,
Drawn by fierce fiends, arose a magic car,
Receiv'd the queen, and, hovering, flam'd in air.
As with rais'd hands, the suppliant traitors kneel,
And fear the vengeance they deserv'd to feel;
Thrice, with parch'd lips, her guiltless babes she press'd,
And thrice she clasp'd them to her tortur'd breast.
Awhile with white uplifted eyes she stood,
Then plung'd her trembling poniards in their blood.
Go, kiss your sire! go, share the bridal mirth!
She cry'd, and hurl'd their quivering limbs on earth.
Rebellowing thunders rock the marble towers,
And red-tongu'd lightnings shoot their arrowy showers;
Earth yawns!—the crashing ruin sinks!—o'er all
Death with black hands extends his mighty pall."

"They are admirable lines, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt.

"I knew, mamma, you would like them," said Isabella; "and I'm sure I wish I had seen the ballet too."

"You were never at an opera," said Mrs. Harcourt, after Isabella had finished reading—"should you, either of you, or both, like to go with me, to night, to the opera?"

"To night, ma'am!" cried Isabella, in a voice of joy.

"To night, mamma!" said Matilda, timidly, "but you were not well this morning."

"But I am very well now, my love; at least, quite well enough to go out with you—let me give you some pleasure.—Ring for Grace, my dear Matilda," added Mrs. Harcourt, looking at her watch, and do not let us be sentimental, for we have not a moment to lose—we must prevail upon Grace, to be as quick as lightning in her operations."

Grace was well disposed to be quick—she was delighted with what she called, *the change of measures;*—she repeated, continually, in the midst of their hurried toilette—

"Well, I am so glad, young ladies, you're going out with your *mamma*, at last—I never saw my mistress look so well as she does to night."

Triumphant, and feeling herself to be a person of consequence, Grace was indefatigably busy, and Mrs. Harcourt thought

that her talkative zeal was the overflowing of an honest heart.

After Mrs. Harcourt, with Isabella and Matilda, were gone to the opera, Favoretta, who had been sent to bed by her mother, because she was in the way when they were dressing, called to Grace, to beg that she would close the shutters in her room, for the moon shone upon her bed, and she could not go to sleep.

"I wish mamma would have let me sit up a little longer," said Favoretta, "for I am not at all sleepy."

"You always go to bed a great deal earlier, you know, miss," said Grace, "when your governess is at home;—I would let you get up, and come down to tea with me, for I'm just going to take my late dish of tea, to rest myself, only I dare not let you, because——"

"Because what?"

"Because, miss, you remember how you served me about the queen-cake."

"But I do not want you to give me any queen-cake, I only want to get up for a little while;" said Favoretta.

"Then get up," said Grace, "but don't make a noise, to waken Master Herbert."

"Do you think," said Favoretta—"that Herbert would think it wrong?"

"Indeed, I don't think at all about what he thinks," said Mrs. Grace, tossing

back her head, as she adjusted her dress at the glass, "and if you think so much about it, you'd better lie down again."

"O! I can't lie down again," said Favoretta, "I have got my shoes on—stay for me, Grace—I'm just ready."

Grace, who was pleased with an opportunity of indulging this little girl, and who flattered herself that she should regain her former power over Favoretta's undistinguishing affections, waited for her most willingly.—Grace drank her *late* dish of tea in her mistress's dressing-room, and did every thing in her power to humour "her sweet Favoretta."

Mrs. Rebecca, Mrs. Fanshaw's maid, was summoned; she lived in the next street.—She was quite overjoyed, she said, at entering the room, to see Miss Favoretta—it was an age, since she had a sight, or a glimpse of her.

We pass over the edifying conversation of these two ladies.—Miss Favoretta was kept awake, and in such high spirits by flattery, that she did not perceive how late it was—she begged to stay up a little longer and a little longer.

Mrs. Rebecca joined in these entreaties, and Mrs. Grace could not refuse them; especially as she knew, that the coach would not go for Madame de Rosier, till after her mistress's return from the opera.

The coachman had made this arrangement for his own convenience, and had placed it entirely to the account of his horses.

Mrs. Grace depended, rather imprudently, upon the coachman's arrangement; for Madame de Rosier, finding that the coach did not call for her at the hour she had appointed, sent for a chair, and returned home, whilst Grace, Mrs. Rebecca, and Favoretta, were yet in Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room.

Favoretta was making a great noise, so that they did not hear the knock at the door.

One of the house-maids apprised Mrs. Grace of Madame de Rosier's arrival. "She's getting out of her chair, Mrs. Grace, in the hall."

Grace started up, put Favoretta into a little closet, and charged her not to make the least noise *for her life.*—Then, with a candle in her hand, and a treacherous smile upon her countenance, she sallied forth to the head of the stairs, to light Madame de Rosier.—"Dear ma'am! my mistress will be *so* sorry the coach didn't go for you in time;—she found herself better after you went—and the two young ladies are gone with her to the opera."

"And where are Herbert and Favoretta?"

"In bed, ma'am; and asleep hours ago.—Shall I light you, ma'am, this way to your room?"

"No," said Madame de Rosier, "I have a letter to write; and I'll wait in Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room, till she comes home."

"Very well, ma'am.—Mrs. Rebecca, it's only Madame de Rosier. — Madame de Rosier, it's only Rebecca, Mrs. Fanshaw's maid, ma'am, who's here very often when my mistress is at home, and just stepped up to look at the young lady's drawings, which my mistress gave me leave to show her the first time she drank tea with me, ma'am."

Madame de Rosier, who thought all this did not concern her in the least, listened to it with cold indifference, and sat down to write her letter.

Grace fidgetted about the room, as long as she could find any pretence for moving any thing into or out of its place; and at length, in no small degree of anxiety for the prisoner she had left in the closet, quitted the dressing-room.

As Madame de Rosier was writing, she once or twice thought that she heard some noise in the closet; she listened, but all was silent—and she continued to write, till Mrs. Harcourt, Isabella, and Matilda came home.

Isabella was in high spirits, and began to talk, with considerable volubility, to Madame de Rosier, about the opera.

Mrs. Harcourt was full of apologies about the coach—and Matilda rather anxious to discover, what it was that had made a change in her mother's manner towards Madame de Rosier.

Grace, glad to see that they were all intent upon their own affairs, lighted their candles expeditiously, and stood waiting, in hope that they would immediately leave the room, and that she should be able to release her prisoner.

Favoretta usually slept in a little closet within Mrs. Grace's room, so that she foresaw no difficulty in getting her to bed.

"I heard!—did not *you* hear a noise, Isabella?" said Matilda.

"A noise!—No; where?" said Isabella, and went on talking alternately to her mother and Madame de Rosier, whom she held fast, though they seemed somewhat inclined to retire to rest.

"Indeed," said Matilda, "I did hear a noise in that closet."

"O dear, Miss Matilda," cried Grace, getting between Matilda and the closet, "it's nothing in life but a mouse."

"A mouse, where?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"No where, ma'am," said Grace, "only

Miss Matilda was hearing noises, and I said they must be mice."

"There, mamma! there! that was not a mouse surely!" said Matilda. "It was a noise louder, certainly, than any mouse could make."

"Grace is frightened," said Isabella, laughing.

Grace indeed, looked pale and terribly frightened.

Madame de Rosier took a candle, and walked directly to the closet.

"Ring for the men;" said Mrs. Harcourt.

Matilda held back Madame de Rosier; and Isabella, whose head was now just recovered from the opera, rang the bell with considerable energy.

"Dear Miss Isabella, don't ring so;—dear ma'am, don't be frightened, and I'll tell you the whole truth, ma'am;" said Grace to her mistress—"It's nothing in the world to frighten any body—It's only Miss Favoretta, ma'am."

"Favoretta!" exclaimed every body at once, except Madame de Rosier, who instantly opened the closet door, but no Favoretta appeared.

"Favoretta is not here;" said Madame de Rosier.

"Then I'm undone!" exclaimed Grace, "she must have got out upon the leads."

—The leads were, at this place, narrow, and very dangerous.

"Don't scream, or the child is lost;" said Madame de Rosier.

Mrs. Harcourt sank down into an arm-chair.—Madame de Rosier stopped Isabella, who pressed into the closet.

"Don't speak, Isabella — Grace, go into the closet—call Favoretta—hear me, quietly;" said Madame de Rosier, steadily, for Mrs. Grace was in such confusion of mind, that she was going to call upon the child, without waiting to hear what was said to her——"Hear me," said Madame de Rosier, "or *you are* undone —go into that closet, without making any bustle—call Favoretta, gently—she will not be frightened, when she hears only your voice."

"Grace did as she was ordered, and returned from the closet, in a few instants, with Favoretta.—Grace instantly began an exculpatory speech, but Mrs. Harcourt, though still trembling, had sufficient firmness to say—"Leave us, Grace, and let me hear the truth from the child."

Grace left the room.—Favoretta related, exactly what had happened, and said, that when she heard all their voices in the dressing-room, and when she heard Matilda say there's a noise, she was afraid of being discovered in the closet, and had

crept out through a little door, with which she was well acquainted, that opened upon the leads.

Mrs. Harcourt now broke forth into indignant exclamations against Grace.—Madame de Rosier gently pacified her, and hinted, that it would be but just, to give her a fair hearing in the morning.

"You are always yourself! always excellent!" cried Mrs. Harcourt; "you have saved my child—we none of us had any presence of mind, but yourself."

"Indeed, mamma, I *did* ring the bell, however;" said Isabella.

With much difficulty those, who had so much to say, submitted to Madame de Rosier's entreaty, of "Let us talk of it in the morning."—She was afraid, that Favoretta, who was present, would not draw any salutary moral from what might be said in the first emotions of joy for her safety.—Madame de Rosier undressed the little girl herself, and took care, that she should not be treated as a heroine just escaped from imminent danger.

The morning came, and Mrs. Grace listened, with anxious ear, for the first sound of her mistress's bell—but no bell rang;—and when she heard Mrs. Harcourt walking in her bed-chamber, Grace augured ill of her own fate, and foreboded the decline and fall of her empire.

"If my mistress can get up and dress herself without me, it's all over with me," said Grace, "but I'll make one trial."—Then she knocked, with her most obliging knock, at her mistress's door, and presented herself with a magdalen face ——"Can I do any thing for you, ma'am?"

"Nothing, I thank you, Grace.—Send Isabella and Matilda."

Isabella and Matilda came, but Mrs. Harcourt finished dressing herself in silence, and then said—

"Come with me, my dear girls, to Madame de Rosier's room!—I believe I had better ask her the question, that I was going to ask you—is she up?"

"Yes, but not dressed," said Matilda, "for we have been reading to her."

"And talking to her," added Isabella; "which, you know, hinders people very much, mamma, when they are dressing."

At Madame de Rosier's door they found Herbert, with his slate in his hand, and his sum ready cast up.

"May I bring this little man in with me?" said Mrs. Harcourt to Madame de Rosier—"Herbert, shake hands with me," continued his mother; "I believe I was a little impatient with you and your Cyrus last night, but you must not expect that every body should be as good to you as

this lady has been;" leading him up to Madame de Rosier.

"Set this gentleman's heart at ease, will you?" continued she, presenting the slate, upon which his sum was written, to Madame de Rosier.—"He looks the picture, or rather the reality, of honesty and good humour this morning, I think. —I am sure, that *he* has not done any thing that he is ashamed of."

Little Herbert's countenance glowed with pleasure, at receiving such praise from his mother; but he soon checked his pride, for he discovered Favoretta, upon whom every eye had turned, as Mrs. Harcourt concluded her speech.

Favoretta was sitting in the farthest corner of the room, and she turned her face to the wall when Herbert looked at her;—but Herbert saw that she was in disgrace.—"Your sum is quite right, Herbert," said Madame de Rosier.

"Herbert, take your slate," said Matilda; and the young gentleman had at length the politeness to relieve her outstretched arm.

"Send him out of the way," whispered Mrs. Harcourt.

"Go out of the room, Herbert, my dear," said Madame de Rosier, who never made use of artifices upon any occasion

to get rid of children, "Go out of the room, Herbert, my dear; for we want to talk about something which we do not wish that you should hear."

Herbert, though he was anxious to know what could be the matter with Favoretta, instantly withdrew, saying, "Will you call me again, when you've done talking."

"We can speak French," added Madame de Rosier, looking at Favoretta, "since we cannot trust that little girl in a room by herself, we must speak in a language which she does not understand, when we have any thing to say that we do not choose she should hear."

"After all this preparation," said Mrs. Harcourt, in French, "my little mouse will make you laugh—it will not surprise or frighten you, Matilda, quite so much as the mouse of last night.—You must know, that I have been much disturbed by certain noises."

"More noises!" said Matilda, drawing closer to listen.

"More noises!" said Mrs. Harcourt laughing; "but the noises which disturbed my repose were not heard in the dead of the night, just as the clock struck twelve; the charming hour for being frightened out of one's wits, Matilda.—My noises were heard in broad day-light, about the time—

"When lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake."

Was not there music and dancing here, early yesterday morning, when I had the head-ache, Isabella?"

"Yes, mamma," said Isabella; "Herbert's dulcimer-boy was here;—we call him Herbert's dulcimer-boy, because Herbert gave him two buns the other day;—the boy and his father came from gratitude, to play a tune for Herbert, and we all ran and asked Madame de Rosier to let them in."

"We did not know you had the head-ache, mamma," said Matilda, "till after they had played several tunes, and we heard Grace saying something to Herbert about racketting upon the stairs—he only ran up stairs once, for my music book, and the moment Grace spoke to him he came to us, and said that you were not well; then Madame de Rosier stopped the dulcimer, and we all left off dancing, and we were very sorry Grace had not told us sooner, that you were ill;—at that time it was ten—nearly eleven o'clock."

"Grace strangely misrepresented all this," said Mrs. Harcourt; "as she gave her advice so late, I am sorry she gave it at all—she prevented you, and your sister Matilda, from the pleasure of going out with Madame de Rosier."

"We prevented ourselves—Grace did not prevent us, I assure you, mamma," said Isabella, eagerly, "we wished to stay at home with you—Herbert and Favoretta were only going to see the royal tiger."

"Then you did not stay at home by Madame de Rosier's desire?"

"No, indeed, madam," said Madame de Rosier, who had not appeared in any haste to justify herself; "your children always show you affection by their own desire, never by mine; your penetration would certainly discover the difference between attentions prompted by a governess, and those which are shown by artless affection."

"My dear Madame de Rosier, say no more," said Mrs. Harcourt, holding out her hand, "you are a real friend."

Madame de Rosier now went to call Herbert, but, on opening the door, Mrs. Grace fell forward upon her face, into the room;—she had been kneeling, with her head close to the key-hole of the door; and, probably, the sound of her own name, and a few sentences now and then spoken in English, had so fixed her attention, that she did not prepare in time for her retreat.

"Get up, Grace, and walk in, if you please;" said Mrs. Harcourt, with much

sang froid, "we have not the least objection to your hearing our conversation."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Grace, as soon as she had recovered her feet, "I'm above listening to any body's conversations, except that when one hears one's own name, and knows that one has enemies, it is but natural to listen in one's own defence."

"And is that all you can do, Grace, in your own defence?" said Mrs. Harcourt.

"Its not all I can *say*, ma'am," replied Grace, pushed to extremities; and still with a secret hope that her mistress *upon a pinch, would not part with a favourite maid*, "I see I'm of no farther use in the family, neither to young or old— and new comers have put me quite out of favour, and have your ear to themselves—so, if you please, ma'am, I had better look out for another situation."

"If you please, Grace," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"I will leave the house this instant, if you think proper, ma'am?"

"If you think proper, Grace," said her mistress, with immoveable philosophy.

Grace burst into tears, "I never thought it would come to this, Mrs. Harcourt;—*I* that have lived so long such a favourite! but I don't blame you, madam; you have been the best and kindest of mistresses to me; and whatever becomes of me, to my

dying words I shall always give you and the dear young ladies the best of characters."

"The character we may give *you*, Grace, is of rather more consequence.'

"Every thing that I say and do," interrupted the sobbing Grace, is *villified*, and misinterpreted by those who wish me ill.—I——"

"You have desired to leave me, Grace; and my desire is, that you should leave me," said Mrs. Harcourt, with firmness. —"Madame de Rosier and I strictly forbade you to interfere with any of the children in our absence; you have thought proper to disregard these orders, and, were you to stay longer in my house, I perceive that you would teach my children first to disobey, and afterward to deceive me."

Grace, little prepared for this calm decision, now in a frightened humble tone began to make promises of reformation; but her promises and apologies were vain; she was compelled to depart, and every body was glad to have done with her.

Favoretta, young as she was, had already learned from this cunning waiting-maid habits of deceit, which could not be suddenly changed. Madame de Rosier attempted her cure, by making her feel, in the first place, the inconveniences

and the disgrace of not being trusted.—Favoretta was ashamed to perceive, that she was the only person in the house who was watched; and she was heartily glad, when by degrees she had opportunities allowed her of obtaining a character for truth, and all the pleasures and all the advantages of confidence.

Things went on much better after the gnomelike influence of Mrs. Grace had ceased; but we must now hasten to introduce our readers to Mrs. Fanshaw.—Mrs. Fanshaw was a card-playing lady, who had been educated at a time when it was not thought necessary for women to have any knowledge, or any taste for literature. As she advanced in life, she continually recurred to the maxims, as well as to the fashions, of her youth; and the improvements in modern female education, she treated as dangerous innovations. She had placed her daughter at a boarding-school in London, the expense of which was its chief recommendation; and she saw her regularly at the Christmas and Midsummer holidays.—At length, when Miss Fanshaw was about sixteen, her prudent mother began to think, that it was time to take her from school, and to introduce her into the world. Miss Fanshaw had learned to speak French passably, to read a *little*

Italian, to draw *a little*, to play tolerably well upon the piano-forte, and to dance as well as many other young ladies.—She had been sedulously taught a sovereign contempt for whatever was called *vulgar* at the school where she was educated; but as she was profoundly ignorant of every thing but the routine of that school, she had no precise idea of propriety; she only knew what was thought vulgar or genteel at Suxberry-house; and the authority of Mrs. Suxberry, for that was the name of her school-mistress, she quoted as incontrovertible upon all occasions. Without reflecting upon what was wrong or right, she decided, with pert vivacity, on all subjects; and firmly believed, that no one could know, or could learn any thing, who had not been educated precisely as she had been.—She considered her mother as an inferior personage, destitute of genteel accomplishments: her mother considered her as a model of perfection, that could only have been rendered thus thoroughly accomplished by *the most expensive masters*—her only fear was, that her dear Jane should be rather too *learned*.

Mrs. Harcourt, with Isabella and Matilda, paid Mrs. Fanshaw a visit, as soon as they heard that her daughter was come home.

Miss Fanshaw, an erect stiffened figure, made her entrée; and it was impossible not to perceive, that her whole soul was intent upon her manner of holding her head, and placing her elbows as she came into the room — Her person had undergone all the ordinary and extraordinary tortures of back-boards, collars, stocks, dumb-bells, &c. She looked at Isabella and Matilda with some surprise and contempt during the first ten minutes after her entrance; for they were neither of them seated in the exact posture which she had been instructed to think the only position, in which a *young lady* should sit in company. Isabella got up to look at a drawing; Miss Fanshaw watched every step she took, and settled it in her own mind that Miss Harcourt did not walk as if she had ever been at Suxberry-house. Matilda endeavoured to engage the figure, that sat beside her, in conversation; but the figure had no conversation, and the utmost that Matilda could obtain, was a few monosyllables pronounced with affected gravity; for, at Suxberry-house, this young lady had been taught to maintain an invincible silence, when produced to strangers; but she made herself amends for this constraint the moment she was with her companions, by a tittering, gossiping

species of communication which scarcely deserves the name of conversation.

Whilst the silent Miss Fanshaw sat so as to do her dancing-master strict justice, Mrs. Fanshaw was stating to Mrs. Harcourt the enormous expense, to which she had gone in her daughter's education. Though firm to her original doctrine, that women had no occasion for learning, in which word of reproach she included all literature; she nevertheless had been convinced, by the unanimous voice of fashion, that accomplishments were *most desirable for young ladies* — desirable, merely because they were fashionable; she did not, in the least, consider them as sources of independent occupation.

Isabella was struck with sudden admiration at the sight of a head of Jupiter, which Miss Fanshaw had just finished, and Mrs. Harcourt borrowed it for her to copy; though Miss Fanshaw was secretly, but decidedly of opinion, that no one, who had not learned from the drawing-master at Suxberry-house, could copy this head of Jupiter with any chance of success.

There was a pretty little netting-box upon the table, which caught Matilda's eye, and she asked the silent figure, what it was made of.—The silent figure turned its head mechanically, but could give no information upon the subject. — Mrs.

Fanshaw, however, said, that she had bought the box at the Repository for ingenious Works, and that the reason she chose it was, because Lady N—— had recommended it to her.

"It is some kind of new manufacture, her ladyship tells me, invented by some poor little boy, that she patronises;—her ladyship can tell you more of the matter, Miss Matilda, than I can," concluded Mrs. Fanshaw, and producing her netting, she asked Mrs. Harcourt, "if she had not been vastly notable, to have got forward so fast with her work."

The remainder of the visit was spent in recounting her losses at the card-table, and in exhortation to Mrs. Harcourt, to send Miss Isabella and Matilda, to finish their education at Suxberry-house.

Mrs. Harcourt was somewhat alarmed by the idea, that her daughters would not be equal to Miss Fanshaw in accomplishments, but, fortunately for Madame de Rosier and herself, she was soon induced to change her opinion by further opportunities of comparison.

In a few days her visit was returned—Mrs. Harcourt happened to mention the globe, that Isabella was painting.—Miss Fanshaw begged to see it, and she went into Mrs. Harcourt's dressing-room, where it hung.—The moment she found herself with Isabella and Matilda, *out of company*,

the silent figure became talkative.—The charm seemed to be broken, or rather reversed, and she began to chatter with pert incessant rapidity.

"Dear me," said she, casting a scornful glance at Matilda's globe, "this is vastly pretty, but we've no such thing at Suxberry-house—I wonder Mrs. Harcourt didn't send both of you to Suxberry-house —every body sends their daughters, who can afford it, now, to Suxberry-house; but, to be sure, it's very expensive—we had all silver-forks, and every thing in the highest style—and Mrs. Suxberry keeps a coach.—I assure you, she's not at all like a school-mistress, and she thinks it very rude and vulgar of any body to call her a school-mistress.—Won't you ask your mamma to send you, if it's only for the name of it, for one year, to Suxberry-house?"

"No," said Matilda; "we are so happy under the care of Madame de Rosier."

"Ah! dear me! I forgot—mamma told me *you'd got* a new French governess lately—our French teacher, at Suxberry-house, was so strict, and so cross, if one made a mistake in the tenses: it's very well for you, your governess is not cross —does she give you very hard exercises? —let me look at your exercise book, and I'll tell you whether it's the right one; I

mean *that, that* we used to have at Suxberry-house."

Miss Fanshaw snatched up a book, in which she saw a paper, which she took for a French exercise.

"Come, show it me, and I'll correct the faults for you, before your governess sees it, and she'll be so surprised."

"Madame de Rosier has seen it," said Matilda;—but Miss Fanshaw, in a romping manner, pulled the paper out of her hands.—It was the translation of a part of "Les Conversations d'Emilie," which we formerly mentioned.

"La!" said Miss Fanshaw, "we had no such book as this at Suxberry-house."

Matilda's translation she was surprised to find correct.

"And do you write themes?" said she. —"We always wrote themes once every week, at Suxberry-house, which I used to hate of all things, for I never could find any thing to say—it made me hate writing, I know;—but that's all over now; thank goodness, I've done with themes, and French letters, and exercises, and translations, and all those plaguing things! and now I've left school for ever, I may do just as I please—that's the best of going to school; it's over some time or other, and there's an end of it; but you that have a governess and masters at

home, you go on for ever and ever, and you have no holidays either—and you have no out-of-school-hours, you are kept *hard at it* from morning till night—now I should hate that of all things. At Suxberry-house, when we had got our task done, and finished with the writing-master and the drawing-master, and when we had practised for the music-master, and *all that*, we might be as idle as we pleased, and do what we liked out of school-hours—you know that was very pleasant—I assure you, you'd like being at Suxberry-house amazingly."

Isabella and Matilda, to whom it did not appear the most delightful of all things to be idle, nor the most desirable thing in the world to have their education finished, and then to lay aside all thoughts of further improvement, could not assent to Miss Fanshaw's concluding assertion. They declared, that they did not feel any want of holidays, at which Miss Fanshaw stared; they said that they had no task, and that they liked to be employed rather better than to be idle; at which Miss Fanshaw laughed, and sarcastically said, "You need not talk to me as if your governess was by, for I'm not a tell-tale, I shan't repeat what you say."

Isabella and Matilda, who had not two

methods of talking, looked rather displeased at this ill-bred speech.

"Nay," said Miss Fanshaw, "I hope you aren't affronted *now* at what I said; when we are by ourselves, you know, one says just what comes into one's head. —Whose handsome coach is this, pray, with a coronet?" continued she, looking out at the window—"I declare, it is stopping at your door—do let us go down.—I'm never afraid of going into the room when there's company, for we were taught to go into a room at Suxberry-house; and Mrs. Suxberry says, it's very vulgar to be ashamed, and I assure you it's all custom. I used to colour, as Miss Matilda does, every minute; but I got over it before I had been long at Suxberry-house."

Isabella, who had just been reading, "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," recollected at this instant Dr. Gregory's opinion, 'that when a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty'—She had not, however, time to *quote* this in Matilda's defence; for Miss Fanshaw ran down stairs, and Isabella recollected, before she overtook her, that it would not be polite to remind her of her early loss of charms.

Lady N—— was in the coach, which

had excited Miss Fanshaw's admiration; and this young lady had a glorious opportunity of showing the graces that she had been taught at so much expense, for the room was full of company. Several morning visitors had called upon Mrs. Harcourt, and they formed a pretty large circle which Miss Fanshaw viewed upon her entrance with a sort of studied assurance.

Mrs. Fanshaw watched Lady N——'s eye, as her daughter came into the room; but Lady N—— did not appear to be much struck with the second-hand graces of Suxberry-house; her eye passed over Miss Fanshaw, in search of something less affected and more interesting.

Miss Fanshaw had now resumed her *company-face* and attitude; she sat in prudent silence, whilst Lady N—— addressed her conversation to Isabella and Matilda, whose thoughts did not seem to be totally engrossed by their own persons.

Doctor X—— had prepared this lady to think favourably of Madame de Rosier's pupils, by the account which he had given her of Isabella's remarks upon Zeluco.

A person of good sense, who has an encouraging countenance, can easily draw out the abilities of young people; and from their manner of listening, as well as from their manner of speaking, can soon

form a judgement of their temper and understanding.

Miss Fanshaw, instead of attending with a desire to improve herself from sensible conversation, sat with a look as absent as that of an unskilful actress, whilst the other performers are engaged in their parts.

There was a small book-case, in a recess, at the farthest end of the room, and upon a little table there were some books, which Isabella and Matilda had been reading with Madame de Rosier.—Mrs. Fanshaw looked towards the table with a sarcastic smile, and said—

"You are great readers, young ladies, I see; may we know what are your studies?"

Miss Fanshaw, to show how well she could walk, crossed the room and took up one of the books.

"'Alison upon Taste'—that's a pretty book, I dare say—but la! what's this, Miss Isabella?—'*A* Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments;'—dear me! that must be a curious performance—by A Smith! a common smith!"

Isabella good-naturedly stopped her from further absurd exclamations, by turning to the title page of the book, and showing her the words "*Adam Smith.*"

"Ah! *A* stands for *Adam!* very true

—I thought it was *a* smith;" said Miss Fanshaw.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, who had quickness enough to perceive, that her daughter had made some mistake, by the countenances of the company, but who had not sufficient erudition, to know what the mistake could be —"Well, my dear, and suppose it was *a* smith, there's nothing extraordinary in that — nothing extraordinary in a smith's writing a book, now-a-days;—why not a common blacksmith, as well as a common ploughman;—I was asked, I know, not long ago, to subscribe *to* the poems of a common ploughman."

"The Ayreshire ploughman?" said Lady N——.

"Yes, they called him so, as I recollect, and I really had a mind to put my name down, for I think I saw your ladyship's amongst the subscribers."

"Yes, they are beautiful poems," said Lady N——.

"So I understand — there are some vastly pretty things in his collection—but one hears of so many good things coming out every day," said Mrs. Fanshaw, in a plaintive voice—"in these days, I think, every body writes——"

"And reads," said Lady N——.

"And reads," said Mrs. Fanshaw.

"We have learned ladies now, wherever

one goes, who tell one they never play at cards—I am sure they are very bad company.—Jane," said she, turning to her daughter, "I hope you won't take it into your head, to turn out a reading lady?"

"O dear, no!" said Miss Fanshaw, "we had not much time for reading at Suxberry-house, we were so busy with our masters;—we had a charming English master though, to teach us elocution, because it's so fashionable now, to read loud well.——Miss Harcourt, *isn't it odd* to read English books to a French governess?" continued this young lady, whose constrained taciturnity now gave way to a strong desire to show herself off before Lady N——. She had observed, that Isabella and Matilda had been listened to with approbation, and she imagined, that when she spoke, she should certainly eclipse them.

Mrs. Harcourt replied to her observation, that Madame de Rosier not only read and spoke English remarkably well, but that she had also a general knowledge of English literature.

"O! here are some French books," said Miss Fanshaw, taking down one out of the book-case—'Journal Etranger,' dear me! are you translating *of* this, Miss Isabella?"

"No," said Mrs. Harcourt; "Madame

de Rosier brought it down stairs yesterday, to show us an essay of Hume's on the study of history, which is particularly addressed to women; and Madame de Rosier says, that it is not to be found in several of the late editions of Hume's Essays—she thought it singular that it should be preserved in a French translation."

"There is," said Isabella, "an entertaining account in that essay of a lady, who asked Hume to lend her some novels!—He lent her Plutarch's Lives, which she thought very amusing, till she found out that they were true.—As soon as she came to the names of Cæsar and Alexander, she returned the books."

Mrs. Fanshaw was surprised, that Lady N—— begged to look at this essay; and was much disappointed to observe, that the graceful manner, in which Miss Fanshaw presented the book to her ladyship, escaped notice.

"Pray, Miss Matilda, is that a drawing?" said Miss Fanshaw, in hopes of leading to a more favourable subject.

"O, dear me! do pray favour us with a sight of it!" cried Miss Fanshaw, and she eagerly unrolled the paper, though Matilda assured her, that it was not a drawing.

It was Hogarth's print of a country

dance, which is prefixed to his "Analysis of Beauty."

"It is the *oddest* thing!" exclaimed Miss Fanshaw, who thought every thing *odd* or *strange*, which she had not seen at Suxberry-house.—Without staying to observe the innumerable strokes of humour, and of original genius in the print, she ran on—"La! it was hardly worth any one's while, surely, to draw such a set of vulgar figures—one hates low humour." Then, in a hurry to show her taste for dress, she observed, that "People, formerly, must have had no taste at all;—one can hardly believe such things were ever worn."

Mrs. Fanshaw, touched by this reflection upon the taste of former times, though she seldom presumed to oppose any of her daughter's opinions, could not here refrain from saying a few words in defence of sacks, long waists, and whalebone stays, and she pointed to a row of stays, in the margin of one of these prints of Hogarth's.

Miss Fanshaw, who did not consider that with those who have a taste for propriety in manners, she could not gain any thing by a triumph over her mother, aughed in a disdainful manner, at her mother's "*partiality for stays*," and *wondered* how any body could think long waists becoming.

"Surely, any body who knows any thing of drawing, or has any taste for an antique figure, must acknowledge the present fashion to be most graceful."—She appealed to Isabella and Matilda.

They were so much struck with the impropriety of her manner towards her mother, that they did not immediately answer; Matilda at length said, "It is natural to like what we have been early used to."

Mrs. Harcourt observed, "that the *present* fashion, whatever it may be, when the eye is accustomed to it, always appears prettier than any other."

And Isabella asked, "if Hogarth, or Alison, had not shown, that much of what is called taste depends upon custom and early associations?"

"Custom! dear, what has custom to do with taste?" said Miss Fanshaw, pertly, "and as to *associations*—they are a kind of clubs for Gentlemen, aren't they? I never heard of any *association* for settling fashions; did you Miss Matilda?"

Matilda, who was not by any means desirous of displaying her own knowledge, and who was, from unaffected gentleness, eager to prevent Miss Fanshaw from farther exposing her ignorance, rolled up the print: and Lady N——, smiling at Mrs. Harcourt, said, "I never saw a print

more *gracefully* rolled up in my life."— Miss Fanshaw immediately rolled up another of the prints, but no applause ensued.

At the next pause in the conversation, Mrs. Fanshaw and her daughter took their leave, seemingly dissatisfied with their visit.

Matilda, just after Mrs. Fanshaw left the room, recollected her pretty netting box, and asked Lady N——, whether she knew any thing of the little boy, by whom it was made.

Her ladyship gave such an interesting account of him, that Matilda determined, to have her share in relieving his distress.

Matilda's benevolence was formerly rather passive than active; but from Madame de Rosier she had learned, that sensibility should not be suffered to evaporate in sighs, or in sentimental speeches. She had also learnt, that economy is necessary to generosity; and she consequently sometimes denied herself the gratification of her own tastes, that she might be able to assist those, who were in distress. She had lately seen a beautiful print* of the King of France taking leave of his family; and, as Madame de Rosier was struck with it, she wished to have bought it for her; but she now con-

* By Egginton.

sidered, that a guinea, which was the price of the print, might be better bestowed on this poor, little, ingenious, industrious boy :—so she begged her mother to send to the repository for one of his boxes. The servants were all busy, and Matilda did not receive her box till the next morning.

Herbert was reading to Madame de Rosier, when the servant brought the box into the room. Favoretta got up to look at it, and immediately Herbert's eye glanced from his book; in spite of all his endeavours to command his attention, he heard the exclamations of "Beautiful!—How smooth! —Like tortoise-shell!—What can it be made of?"

"My dear Herbert, shut the book," said Madame de Rosier, "if your head be in that box.—Never read one moment, after you have ceased to attend."

"It is my fault," said Matilda, "I will put the box into my pocket, till he has finished reading."

When Herbert had recalled his wandering thoughts, and had fixed his mind upon what he was about, Madame de Rosier put her hand upon the book, he started—"Now let us see the *beautiful* box," said she.

After it had passed through Favoretta and Herbert's impatient hands, Matilda,

who had scarcely looked at it herself, took it to the window, to give it a sober examination.—"It is not made of paper, or pasteboard, and it is not the colour of tortoise-shell," said Matilda; "I never saw any thing like it before; I wonder what it can be made of?"

Herbert, at this question, unperceived by Matilda, who was examining the box very earnestly, seized the lid, which was lying upon the table, and ran out of the room; he returned in a few minutes, and presented the lid to Matilda.—"I can tell you one thing, Matilda," said he, with an important face, "It is an animal—an animal substance, I mean."

"O, Herbert," cried Matilda, "what have you been doing!—you have blackened the corner of the box."

"Only the least bit in the world," said Herbert, "to try an experiment.—I only put one corner to the candle, that Isabella had lighted *to* seal her letter."

"My dear Herbert, how could you burn your sister's box?" expostulated Madame de Rosier; "I thought you did not love mischief."

"Mischief!—No, indeed; I thought you would be pleased, that I remembered how to distinguish animal from vegetable substances.—You know, the day that my hair was on fire, you told me how to

do that; and Matilda wanted to know what the box was made of, so I tried."

"Well," said Matilda, good-naturedly, "you have not done me much harm;"—"but, another time," said Madame de Rosier, "don't burn a box that costs a guinea, to try an experiment; and above all things, never upon any account take what is not your own."

The corner of the lid, that had been held to the candle, was a little warped, so that the lid did not slide into its groove as easily as it did before. Herbert was disposed to use force upon the occasion, but Matilda with difficulty rescued her box, by an argument which fortunately reached his understanding time enough to stop his hand.

"It was the heat of the candle that warped it," said she; "let us dip it into boiling water, which cannot be made *too* hot."

"Not hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees;" interposed Isabella, who had lately become proud to show her memory in *science*—"and that will, perhaps, bring it back to its shape."

The lid of the box was dipped into boiling water, and restored to its shape.—Matilda, as she was wiping it dry, observed that some yellow paint, or varnish, came off, and in one spot, on the inside

of the lid, she discovered something like writing.

"Who will lend me a magnifying glass?"

Favoretta produced hers.

"I have kept it," said she, "a great, *great* while, ever since we were at the Rational Toy-shop."

"Madame de Rosier, do look at this!" exclaimed Matilda, "here are letters, quite plain!—I have found the name, I do believe, of the boy who made the box!" and she spelled, letter by letter, as she looked through the magnifying glass, the words Henri-Montmorenci.

Madame de Rosier started up, and Matilda, surprised at her sudden emotion, put the box and magnifying glass into her hand.—Madame de Rosier's hand trembled so much, that she could not fix the glass.

"Je ne vois rien—lisez—vite! ma chère amie—un mot de plus!" said she, putting the glass again into Matilda's hand, and leaning over her shoulder with a look of agonizing expectation.

The word *de* was all Matilda could make out.—Isabella tried—it was in vain—no other letters were visible.

"*De* what?—*de* Rosier!—it must be!—my son is alive!" said the mother.

Henri-Montmorenci was the name of Madame de Rosier's son; but when she

reflected for an instant, that this might also be the name of some other person, her transport of joy was checked, and seemed to be converted into despair.

Her first emotions over, the habitual firmness of her mind returned.—She sent directly to the repository — no news of the boy could there be obtained.—Lady N—— was gone, for a few days, to Windsor, so no intelligence could be had from her.—Mrs. Harcourt was out—no carriage at home—but Madame de Rosier set out immediately, and walked to Golden-square, near which place she knew, that a number of French emigrants resided. She stopped first at a bookseller's shop ; — she described the person of her son, and inquired if any such person had been seen in that neighbourhood.

The bookseller was making out a bill for one of his customers, but struck with Madame de Rosier's anxiety, and perceiving that she was a foreigner by her accent, he put down his pen, and begged her to repeat, once more, the description of her son.—He tried to recollect whether he had seen such a person—but he had not. He, however, with true English good-nature, told her, that she had an excellent chance of finding him in this part of the town, if he were in London—he was sorry that his shopman was from home, or he

would have sent him with her, through the streets near the square, where he knew the emigrants chiefly lodged;—he gave her in writing, a list of the names of these streets, and stood at his door, to watch and speed her on her way.

She called at all the neighbouring shops —she walked down several narrow streets, inquiring at every house, where she thought that there was any chance of success, in vain.—At one, a slipshod maid-servant came to the door, who stared at seeing a well-dressed lady, and who was so bewildered, that she could not, for some time, answer any questions;—at another house the master was out;—at another, the master was at dinner.—As it got towards four o'clock, Madame de Rosier found it more difficult to obtain civil answers to her inquiries, for almost all the tradesmen were at dinner, and when they came to the door, looked out of humour at being interrupted and disappointed in not meeting with a customer. —She walked on, her mind still indefatigable;—she heard a clock in the neighbourhood strike five; her strength was not equal to the energy of her mind—and the repeated answers of "We know of no such person"—"No such boy lives here, ma'am"—made her at length despair of success.—One street upon her

list remained unsearched;—it was narrow, dark, and dirty;—she stopped, for a moment, at the corner, but a porter, heavily laden, with a sudden "By your leave, ma'am!" pushed forwards, and she was forced into the door-way of a small ironmonger's shop. The master of the shop, who was weighing some iron goods, let the scale go up, and, after a look of surprise, said—

"You've lost your way, madam, I presume—be pleased to rest yourself—it is but a dark place;" and wiping a stool, on which some locks had been lying, he left Madame de Rosier, who was indeed exhausted with fatigue, to rest herself, whilst, without any officious civility, after calling his wife from a back shop, to give the lady a glass of water, he went on weighing his iron and whistling.

The woman, as soon as Madame de Rosier had drunk the water, inquired if she should send for a coach for her, or could do any thing to serve her.

The extreme good-nature of the tone, in which this was spoken, seemed to revive Madame de Rosier; she told her, that she was searching for an only son, whom she had for nearly two years believed to be dead; she showed the paper on which his name was written;—the woman could not read—her husband read

the name, but he shook his head—"he knew of no lad, who answered to the description."

Whilst they were speaking, a little boy came into the shop, with a bit of small iron wire in his hand, and twitching the skirt of the ironmonger's coat to attract his attention, asked, if he had any such wire as that in his shop. When the ironmonger went to get down a roll of wire, the little boy had a full view of Madame de Rosier.—Though she was naturally disposed to take notice of children, yet now she was so intent upon her own thoughts, that she did not observe him, till he had bowed several times just opposite to her.

"Are you bowing to me, my good boy?" said she—"You mistake me for somebody else;—I don't know you;" and she looked down again upon the paper, on which she had written the name of her son.

"But, indeed, ma'am, I know *you*;" said the little boy; "aren't you the lady, that was with the good-natured young gentleman, who met me going out of the pastry-cook's shop, and gave me the two buns?"

Madame de Rosier now looked in his face—the shop was so dark, that she could not distinguish his features, but she recol-

lected his voice, and knew him to be the little boy belonging to the dulcimer-man.

"Father would have come again to your house," said the boy, who did not perceive her inattention—"Father would have come to your house again, to play the tune the young gentleman fancied so much, but our dulcimer is broke."

"Is it? I am sorry for it," said Madame de Rosier.—"But can you tell me," continued she, to the ironmonger, "whether any emigrants lodge in the street to the left of your house?"—The master of the shop tried to recollect; she again repeated the name and description of her son.

"I know a young French lad of that make;" said the little dulcimer boy.

"Do you!—Where is he?—Where does he lodge?" cried Madame de Rosier.

"I am not speaking as to his name; for I never heard his name," said the little boy, "but I'll tell you how I came to know him.—One day, lately——"

Madame de Rosier interrupted him, with questions concerning the figure, height, age, eyes, of the French lad.

The little dulcimer boy, by his answers, sometimes made her doubt, and sometimes made her certain, that he was her son.

"Tell me," said she, "where he lodges; I must see him immediately."

"I am just come from him, and I'm going back to him with the wire; I'll show the way with pleasure; he is the best natured lad in the world; he is mending my dulcimer; he deserves to be a great gentleman, and I thought he was not what he seemed," continued the little boy, as he walked on, scarcely able to keep before Madame de Rosier.

"This way, ma'am—this way — he lives in the corner house, turning into Golden-square."—It was a stationer's.

I have called at this house already," said Madame de Rosier; but she recollected, that it was when the family were at dinner, and that a stupid maid had not understood her questions.—She was unable to speak through extreme agitation, when she came to the shop; the little dulcimer boy walked straight forward — gently drew back the short curtain, that hung before a glass door opening into a back parlour.—Madame de Rosier sprang forward to the door, looked through the glass, and was alarmed to see a young man taller than her son; he was at work; his back was towards her.

When he heard the noise of some one trying to open the door, he turned and

saw his mother's face! The tools dropped from his hands, and the dulcimer boy was the only person present, who had strength enough to open the door.

How sudden! how powerful is the effect of joy!—The mother, restored to her son in a moment, felt herself invigorated —and, forgetful of her fatigue, she felt herself another being.—When she was left alone with her son, she looked round his little workshop with a mixture of pain and pleasure.—She saw one of his unfinished boxes in the window-seat, which served him for a work-bench; his tools were upon the floor. "These have been my support," said her son, taking them up; "how much am I obliged to my dear father, teaching me early how to use them!"

"Your father!" said Madame de Rosier, "I wish he could have lived to be rewarded, as—I am!—but tell me your history, from the moment you were taken from me to prison.—It was nearly two years ago; how did you escape?—How have you supported yourself since?—Sit down and speak again, that I may be sure that I hear your voice."

"You shall hear my voice then, my dear mother," said her son, "for at least half an hour, if that will not tire you.—I have a long story to tell you.—In the

first place, you know, that I was taken to prison—three months I spent in the Conciergerie, expecting every day to be ordered out to the guillotine. The jailor's son, a boy about my own age, who was sometimes employed to bring me food, seemed to look upon me with compassion; I had several opportunities of obliging him; his father often gave him long returns of the names of the prisoners, and various accounts to copy into a large book; the young gentleman did not like this work; he was much fonder of exercising as a soldier with some boys in the neighbourhood, who were learning the national exercise; he frequently employed me to copy his lists for him, and this I performed to his satisfaction; but what completely won his heart, was my mending the lock of his fusil. One evening, he came to me in a new uniform, and in high spirits; he was just made a captain by the unanimous voice of his corps; and he talked of *his* men, and *his* orders, with prodigious fluency; he then played *his* march upon his drum, and insisted upon teaching it to me;—he was much pleased with my performance, and, suddenly embracing me, he exclaimed, 'I have thought of an excellent thing for you; stay, till I have arranged the plan in my head, and you shall see if I am not a great

general.'—The next evening he did not come to me till it was nearly dusk; he was in his new uniform, but, out of a bag which he brought in his hand, in which he used to carry his father's papers, he produced his old uniform, rolled up into a surprisingly small compass.—' I have arranged every thing,' said he, ' put on this old uniform of mine—we are just of a size—by this light, nobody will perceive any difference! take my drum, and march out of the prison slowly; beat my march on the drum as you go out; turn to the left, down to the Place de ——, where I exercise my men.—You'll meet with one of my soldiers there, ready to forward your escape.'—I hesitated; for I feared that I should endanger my young general; but he assured me, that he had taken his precautions so ' *admirably*,' that, even after my escape should be discovered, no suspicion would fall upon him.—' But, if you delay,' cried he, ' we are both of us undone.'—I hesitated not a moment longer, and never did I change my clothes so expeditiously in my life; I obeyed my little captain exactly, marched out of the prison slowly, playing deliberately the march which I had been taught; turned to the left, according to orders, and saw my punctual guide waiting for me on the Place de ——,

just by the broken statue of Henry the Fourth."

'Follow me, fellow citizen!' said he, in a low voice, 'we are not all Robespieres.'

"Most joyfully I followed him. We walked on, in silence, till at length we came to a narrow street, where the crowd was so great, that I thought we should both of us have been squeezed to death. I saw the guillotine at a distance, and I fell sick.

'Come on;' said my guide, who kept fast hold of me, and he turned sharp into a yard, where I heard the noise of carts and the voices of muleteers.——'This man,' said he, leading me up to a muleteer, who seemed to be just ready to depart—'is my father; trust yourself to him.'

"I had nobody else to trust myself to. I got into the muleteer's covered cart—he began a loud song;—we proceeded through the square, where the crowd were assembled. The enthusiasm of the moment, occupied them so entirely, that we were fortunately disregarded.—We got out of Paris safely; I will not tire you with all my terrors and escapes—I, at length, got on board a neutral vessel, and landed at Bristol.—Escaped from prison, and the fear of the guillotine, I thought myself happy; but my happiness was not

very lasting.—I began to apprehend, that I should be starved to death; I had not eaten for many hours; I wandered through the bustling streets of Bristol, where every body I met seemed to be full of their own business, and brushed by me without seeing me.—I was weak, and I sat down upon a stone by the door of a public house.

"A woman was twirling a mop at the door—I wiped away the drops, with which I was sprinkled by this operation.—I was too weak to be angry; but a hairdresser, who was passing by, and who had a nicely powdered wig poised upon his hand, was furiously enraged, because a few drops of the shower, which had sprinkled me, reached the wig. He expressed his anger half in French and half in English; but at last I observed to him in French, that the wig was still '*bien poudrée*'—this calmed his rage; and he remarked, that I also had been *horribly* drenched by the shower. I assured him, that this was a trifle, in comparison with my other sufferings.

"He begged to hear my misfortunes, because I spoke French; and as I followed him to the place where he was going with the wig, I told him, that I had not eaten for many hours—that I was a stranger in Bristol, and had no means of earning any food.—He advised me to go to

a tavern, which he pointed out to me,—'The Rummer;'—he told me a circumstance, which convinced me of the humanity of the master of the house*.

"I resolved to apply to this benevolent man. When I first went into his kitchen, I saw his cook, a man with a very important face, serving out a large turtle. Several people were waiting, with covered dishes, for turtle-soup and turtle, which had been bespoken in different parts of the city. The dishes, as fast as they were filled, continually passed by me, tantalising me by their savoury odours. I sat down upon a stool near the fire;—I saw food within my reach that honesty

* During Christmas week, it is the custom in Bristol, to keep a cheap ordinary in taverns; the master of the Rummer observed a stranger, meanly dressed, who constantly frequented the public table.—It was suspected, that he carried away some of the provision, and a waiter at length communicated his suspicions to the master of the house.—He watched the stranger, and actually detected him putting a large mince-pie into his pocket.—Instead of publicly exposing him, the landlord, who judged from the stranger's manner, that he was not an ordinary pilferer, called the man aside as he was going away, and charged him with the fact, demanding what could tempt him to such meanness. The poor man immediately acknowledged, that he had for several days carried off precisely what he would have eaten himself, for his starving wife:—but he had eaten nothing.

The humane considerate landlord gently reproved him for his conduct, and soon found means to have him usefully and profitably employed.

forbade me to touch, though I was starving; how easy it is to the rich to be honest!—I was at this time so weak, that my ideas began to be confused—my head grew dizzy—I felt the heat of the kitchen fire extremely disagreeable to me. I do not know what happened afterward, but when I came to myself, I found that I was leaning against some one who supported me near an open window—It was the master of the house.—I do not know why I was ashamed to ask him for food; his humanity, however, prevented me.—He first gave me a small bason of broth, and afterward a little bit of bread, assuring me, with infinite good nature, that he gave me food in such small quantities, because he was afraid, that it would hurt me to satisfy my hunger at once—a worthy humane physician, he said, had once told him, that persons in my situation, should be treated in this manner.—I thanked him for his kindness, adding, that I did not mean to encroach upon his hospitality;—he pressed me to stay at his house for some days, but I could not think of being a burden to him, when I had strength enough to maintain myself.

"In the window of the little parlour, where I ate my turtle, I saw a novel, which had been left there by the landlord's daughter, and in the beginning of this

book was pasted a direction to the circulating library in Bristol;—I was in hopes that I might earn my bread as *a scribe.* The landlord of the Rummer told me, that he was acquainted with him, and that I might easily procure employment from him on reasonable terms.

Mr. S——, for that was the name of the master of the library, received me with an air of encouraging benevolence, and finding that I could read and write English tolerably well, he gave me a manuscript to copy which he was preparing for the press.—I worked hard, and made, as I fancied, a beautiful copy of my manuscript; but the printers complained of my upright French hand, which they could not easily decipher;—I began to new model my writing, to please the taste of my employers, and as I had sufficient motive to make me take pains, I at last succeeded.—I found it a great advantage, to be able to read and write the English language fluently; and when my employers perceived my education had not been neglected, and that I had some knowledge of literature, their confidence in my abilities increased.—I hope you will not think me vain if I add, that I could perceive my manners were advantageous to me;—I was known to be a gentleman's son, and even those,

who set but little value upon *manners*, seemed to be influenced by them, without perceiving it. — But without pronouncing my own eulogium, let me content myself with telling you my history.

"I used often, in carrying my day's work to the printer's, to pass through a part of the town of Bristol, which has been allotted to poor emigrants, and there I saw a variety of little ingenious toys, which were sold at a high price, or at a price which appeared to me to be high. —I began to consider, that I might earn money by invention, as well as by mere manual labour: but before I gave up any part of my time to my new schemes, I regularly wrote as much each day as was sufficient to maintain me.—Now it was that I felt the advantage of having been taught, when I was a boy, the use of carpenters' tools, and some degree of mechanical dexterity. I made several clumsy toys, and I tried various unsuccessful experiments, but I was not discouraged.— One day I heard a dispute near me about some trinket—a tooth-pick case, I believe —which was thought by the purchaser to be too highly priced; the man who made it repeatedly said in recommendation of the toy—" Why, sir, you could not know it from tortoise-shell."

"I at this instant, recollected to have

seen, at the Rummer, a great heap of broken shells, which the cook had thrown aside, as if they were of no value. Upon inquiry I found, that there was part of the inside shell, which was thought to be useless—it occurred to me, that I might possibly make it useful.—The good natured landlord ordered, that all this part of the shells should be carefully collected and given to me.—I tried to polish it for many hours in vain;—I was often tempted to abandon my project;—there was a want of *finish*, as the workmen call it, in my manufacture, which made me despair of its being saleable.—I will not weary you with a history of all my unsuccessful processes; it was fortunate for me, my dear mother, that I remembered one of the principles which you taught me when I was a child—that it is not *genius*, but perseverance, which brings things to perfection.—I persevered, and though I did not bring my manufacture to *perfection*, I actually succeeded so far, as to make a very neat-looking box out of my refuse shells.—I offered it to sale—it was liked;—I made several more, and they were quickly sold for me, most advantageously, by my good friend, Mr. S——. He advised me to make them in the shape of netting boxes; I did so, and their sale extended rapidly.

"Some benevolent lady, about this time, raised a subscription for me, but as I had now an easy means of supporting myself, and as I every day beheld numbers of my countrymen, nearly in the condition in which I was when I first went to the Rummer, I thought it was not fit to accept of the charitable assistance, which could be so much better bestowed upon others.—Mr. S—— told me, that the lady who raised the contribution, so far from being offended, was pleased by my conduct in declining her bounty, and she undertook to dispose of as many of my netting boxes as I could finish.—She was one of the patronesses of a repository in London, which has lately been opened, called the 'Repository for Ingenious Works.'—When she left Bristol, she desired Mr. S——, to send my boxes thither.

"My little manufacture continued to prosper—by practice I grew more and more expert, and I had no longer any fears, that I should not be able to maintain myself. It was fortunate for me, that I was obliged to be constantly employed; whenever I was not actually at hard work, whenever I had leisure for reflection, I was unhappy.

"A friend of Mr. S——'s, who was going to London, offered to take me with

him.—I had some curiosity, to see this celebrated metropolis, and I had hopes of meeting with some of my friends amongst the emigrants in this city;—amongst all the emigrants at Bristol there was not one person, with whom I had been acquainted in France.

"Impelled by these hopes, I quitted Bristol, and arrived, a few weeks ago, in London.—Mr. S—— gave me a direction to a cabinet-maker in Leicester-fields, and I was able to pay for a decent lodging, for I was now master of what appeared to me a large sum of money—seven guineas.

"Some time after I came to town, as I was returning from a visit to an emigrant, with whom I had become acquainted, I was stopped at the corner of a street by a crowd of people—*a mob*, as I have been taught to call it, since I came to England—who had gathered round a blind man, a little boy, and a virago of a woman, who stood upon the steps before a print-shop door. The woman accused the boy of being a thief.—The boy protested that he was innocent, and his ingenious countenance spoke strongly in his favour.—He belonged to the blind man, who, as soon as he could make himself heard, complained bitterly of the damage, which had been done to his dulcimer.—The

mob, in their first fury, had broken it. I was interested for the man, but more for the boy.—Perhaps, said I to myself, he has neither father nor mother!

"When the woman, who was standing yet furious at the shop-door, had no more words for utterance, the little boy was suffered to speak in his own defence.—He said, that as he was passing by the open window of the print-shop, he put his hand in to give part of a bun which he was eating, to a little dog, who was sitting on the counter, near the window; and who looked thin and miserable, as if he was half-starved.—'But,' continued the little boy, 'when I put the bun to the dog's mouth, he did not eat it; I gave him a little push to make him mind me, and he fell out of the window into my hands;—and then I found that it was not a real dog, but only the picture of a dog, painted upon pasteboard.—The mistress of the shop saw the dog in my hands, and snatched it away, and accused me of being a thief;—so then, with the noise she made, the chairmen, who were near the door came up, and the mob gathered, and our dulcimer was broke, and I'm very sorry for it!——The mistress of the print-shop observed, in a loud and contemptuous tone, 'that all this must be a lie, for that *such a one as he* could not

have buns, to give away to dogs.'—Here the blind man vindicated his boy, by assuring us, that 'he came honestly by the bun—that two buns had been given to him about an hour before this time by a young gentleman who met him as he was coming out of a pastry-cook's shop.'—When the mob heard this explanation, they were sorry for the mischief they had done to the blind man's dulcimer; and after examining it with expressions of sorrow, they quietly dispersed. I thought that I could perhaps mend the dulcimer, and I offered my services; they were gladly accepted, and I desired the man to leave it at the cabinet-maker's, in Leicester-fields, where I lodged. — In the mean time the little boy, whilst I had been examining the dulcimer, had been wiping the dirt from off the paste-board dog, which, during the fray, had fallen into the street.—'Is not it like a real dog?' said the boy, 'Was it not enough to deceive any body?'

"It was indeed, extremely like a *real* dog—like my dog, Cæsar—whom I had taken care of from the time I was five years old, and whom I was obliged to leave at our house in Paris, when I was dragged to prison.—The more I looked at this pasteboard image, the more I was convinced, that the picture must have

been drawn from the life.—Every streak, every spot, every shade of its brown coat I remembered.—It's extreme thinness was the only circumstance in which the picture was unlike my Cæsar. I inquired from the scolding woman of the shop, how she came by this picture—'Honestly,'—was her laconic answer; but when I asked whether it were to be sold, and when I paid its price, the lady changed her tone; no longer considering me as the partisan of the little boy, against whom she was enraged, but rather looking upon me as a customer, who had paid too much for her goods, she condescended to inform me, that the dog was painted by one of the *poor* French emigrants, who lived in her neighbourhood.—She directed me to the house, and I discovered the man to be my father's old servant, Michael.—He was overjoyed at the sight of me; he was infirm, and unequal to any laborious employment; he had supported himself with great difficulty, by painting toys, and various figures of men, women, and animals, upon pasteboard.—He showed me two excellent figures of French poissardes, and also a good cat, of his doing;—but my Cæsar was the best of his works.

"My lodgings at the cabinet maker's were too small to accommodate Michael;

and yet I wished to have him with me, for he seemed so infirm, as to want assistance; I consequently left my cabinet-maker, and took lodgings with this stationer; he and his wife are quiet people, and I hope poor Michael has been happier since he came to me; he has, however, been for some days confined to his bed, and I have been so busy, that I have not been able to stir from home.—To-day, the poor little boy called for his dulcimer; I must own, that I found it a more difficult job to mend it than I had expected. —I could not match the wire, and I sent the boy out to an ironmonger's a few hours ago.—How little did I expect to see him return with—my mother!"

We shall not attempt to describe the alternate emotions of joy and sorrow, which quickly succeeded each other in Madame de Rosier's heart, while she listened to her son's little history.—Impatient to communicate her happiness to her friends, she took leave hastily of her beloved son, promising to call for him early the next day. "Settle all your business to night," said she, "and I will introduce you to *my* friends to-morrow.—*My* friends I say proudly—for I have made friends since I came to England; and England, amongst other commodities excellent in their kind, produces

incomparable friends—friends in adversity. — *We* know their value. — Adieu; settle all your affairs here expeditiously."

"I have no affairs, no business, my dear mother," interrupted Henry, "except to mend the dulcimer as I promised, and that I'll finish directly.—Adieu, till to-morrow morning!—What a delightful sound!"

With all the alacrity of benevolence he returned to his work, and his mother returned to Mrs. Harcourt's. It was nearly eight o'clock before she arrived at home. — Mrs. Harcourt, Isabella, and Matilda, met her with inquiring eyes."

"She smiles!" said Matilda; and Herbert, with a higher jump than he had ever been known to make before, exclaimed, "She has found her son!—I am sure of it!—I knew she would find him."

"Let her sit down," said Matilda, in a gentle voice.

Isabella brought her an excellent dish of coffee; and Mrs. Harcourt, with kind reproaches, asked, why she had not brought her son *home* with her."—She rang the bell with as much vivacity as she spoke, ordered her coach to be sent instantly to Golden-square, and wrote an order, as she called it, for his coming *immediately* to her, quitting all dulcimers and dulcimer-boys, under pain of

his mother's displeasure.—"Here Madame de Rosier," said she, with peremptory playfulness, "countersign my order, that I may be sure of my prisoner."

Scarcely were the note and carriage dispatched before Herbert and Favoretta stationed themselves at the window, that they might be ready to give the first intelligence. Their notions of time and distance were not very accurate upon this occasion; for, before the carriage had been out of sight ten minutes, they expected it to return; and they exclaimed, at the sight of every coach that appeared at the end of the street, "Here's the carriage!" — "Here he is!" — But the carriages rolled by continually, and convinced them of their mistakes.

Herbert complained of the dull light of the lamps, though the street was remarkably well lighted, and he next quarrelled with the glare of the flambeaux, which footmen brandished behind carriages, that were unknown to him.—At length a flambeau appeared, with which he did not quarrel.—Herbert, as its light shone upon the footman, looked with an eager eye, then put his finger upon his own lips, and held his other hand forcibly before Favoretta's mouth, for now he was certain.—The coach stopped at the door—Madame de Rosier ran down

stairs—Mrs. Harcourt, and all the family followed her;—Herbert was at the coach door before Henry de Rosier could leap out, and he seized his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

The sympathy of all her joyful pupils, the animated kindness with which Mrs. Harcourt received her son, touched Madame de Rosier with the most exquisite pleasure.—The happiness that we are conscious of having deserved, is doubly grateful to the heart.

Mrs. Harcourt did not confine her attentions within the narrow limits of politeness—with generous eagerness she exerted herself, to show her gratitude to the excellent governess of her children.—She applied to the gentleman, who was at the head of the academy for the education of the sons of French emigrants, and recommended Henry de Rosier to him in the strongest terms.

In the mean time Lady N——, who had been warmly interested in Madame de Rosier's favour, by what she had seen of her, and more by what she had seen of her pupils, wrote to her brother who was at Paris, to request, that he would make every possible inquiry concerning the property of the late Comte de Rosier. —The answer to her letter informed her, that Madame de Rosier's property was

restored to her and to her son by the new government of France.

Mrs. Harcourt, who now foresaw the probability of Madame de Rosier's return to France, could not avoid feeling regret at the thoughts of parting with a friend, to whom her whole family was sincerely attached.—The plan of education which had been traced out, remained yet unfinished, and she feared, she said, that Isabella and Matilda might feel the want of their accomplished preceptress. But these fears were the best omens for her future success; a sensible mother, in whom the desire to educate her family has once been excited, and who turns the energy of her mind to this interesting subject, seizes upon every useful idea, every practical principle, with avidity, and she may trust securely to her own persevering cares.—Whatever a mother learns for the sake of her children, she never forgets.

The rapid improvement of Mrs. Harcourt's understanding, since she had applied herself to literature, was her reward, and her excitement to fresh application. Isabella and Matilda were now of an age to be her companions, and her taste for domestic life was confirmed every day by the sweet experience of its pleasures.

"You have taught me your value, and now you are going to leave me;" said she

to Madame de Rosier.—"I quarrelled with the Duke de Rochefoucault for his asserting, that in the misfortunes of our best friends, there is always something that is not disagreeable to us; but I am afraid I must stand convicted of selfishness, for in the good fortune of my best friend, there is something that I cannot feel to be perfectly agreeable."

MADEMOISELLE PANACHE.

SECOND PART.

MADEMOISELLE PANACHE.

SECOND PART *.

THE tendency of any particular mode of education is not always perceived, before it is too late to change the habits or the character of the pupil; to superficial observers, children of nearly the same age often seem much alike in manners and disposition, who, in a few years afterward, appear in every respect strikingly different. We have given our readers some idea of the manner in which Mrs. Temple educated her daughters, and some notion of the mode in which Lady Augusta was managed by Mademoiselle Panache: the difference between the characters of Helen and Lady Augusta, though visible, even at the early age of twelve or thirteen, to an intelligent mother, was scarcely noticed by common acquaintance, who contented themselves with the usual phrases, as equally applicable to both the young ladies. "Upon my word, Lady

* The first part is in the Parent's Assistant, Vol. IV.

"Augusta and Miss Helen Temple are "both of them very fine girls, and very "highly accomplished, and vastly well "educated, as I understand. I really "cannot tell which to prefer. Lady Au- "gusta, to be sure, is rather the taller of "the two, and her manners are certainly "more womanly and fashioned than "Miss Helen's; but then, Miss Helen "Temple has something of simplicity "about her, that some people think very "engaging. For my part, I don't pre- "tend to judge—girls alter so; there's no "telling, at twelve years old, what they "may turn out at sixteen."

From twelve to sixteen Lady Augusta continued under the direction of Mademoiselle Panache; whilst her mother, content with her daughter's progress in external accomplishments, paid no attention to the cultivation of her temper, or her understanding. Lady S—— lived much in what is called the world; was fond of company, and fonder of cards; sentimentally anxious to be thought a good mother, but indolently willing to leave her daughter wholly to the care of a French governess, whose character she had never taken the trouble to investigate. Not that Lady S—— could be ignorant, that, however well qualified to teach the true French pronunciation, she could

not be a perfectly eligible companion for her daughter, as she grew up: her ladyship intended to part with the governess, when Lady Augusta was fifteen; but from day to day, and from year to year, this was put off: sometimes Lady S—— thought it a pity to dismiss Mademoiselle, because — "she was the best creature in the world;" sometimes she rested content with the idea, that six months more or less could not signify; till at length *family reasons* obliged her to postpone Mademoiselle's dismission; part of the money intended for the payment of the governess's salary, had been unfortunately lost by the mother at the card-table. Lady Augusta consequently continued under the auspices of Mademoiselle Panache, till her ladyship was eighteen, and her education was supposed to be entirely completed.

In the mean time Mademoiselle Panache endeavoured, by all the vulgar arts of flattery, to ingratiate herself with her pupil, in hopes, that from a governess she might become a *companion*. The summer months seemed unusually long to the impatient young lady, whose imagination daily anticipated the glories of her next winter's campaign. Towards the end of July, however, a reinforcement of visitors came to her mother's,

and the present began to engage some attention, as well as the future. Amongst these visitors was Lord George ——, a young nobleman near twenty-one, who was heir to a very considerable fortune. We mention his fortune *first*, because it was his *first* merit, even in his own opinion. Cold, silent, selfish, supercilious, and silly, there appeared nothing in him to engage the affections, or to strike the fancy of a fair lady; but Lady Augusta's fancy was not fixed upon his lordship's character or manners, and much that might have disgusted, consequently escaped her observation. Her mother had not considered the matter very attentively, but she thought, that this young nobleman might be no bad match for her Augusta, and she trusted, that her daughter's charms would make their due impression on his heart. Some weeks passed away in fashionable negligence of the lady on his part, and alternate pique and coquetry on hers, whilst, during these operations, her confidante and governess was too much occupied with her own manœuvres, to attend to those of her pupil. Lord George had with him upon this visit, a Mr. Dashwood, who was engaged to accompany him upon his travels, and who had had the honour of being his lordship's tutor. At the name of a *tutor*, let no one picture

to himself a gloomy pedant; or yet a man whose knowledge, virtue, and benevolence would command the respect, or win the affections of youth. Mr. Dashwood could not be mistaken for a pedant, unless a coxcomb be a sort of pedant. —Dashwood pretended neither to win affection, nor to command respect; but he was, as his pupil emphatically swore, —"the best fellow in the world." Upon this best fellow in the world, Mademoiselle Panache fixed her sagacious hopes; she began to think, that it would be infinitely better, to be the wife of the gallant Mr. Dashwood, than the humble companion, or the slighted governess of the capricious Lady Augusta. Having thus far opened the views and characters of these various personages, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging of them by their words and actions.

"You go with us, my lord, to the archery-meeting this evening?" said Lady S——, as she rose from breakfast:—his lordship gave a negligent assent. "Ah!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Panache, turning eagerly to Dashwood, "have you seen *de uniforme—C'est charmant*; and I have no small hand in it."

Dashwood paid the expected compliment to her taste. "Ah! *non*," said she, "you are too good, too flattering; but

you must tell me your judgement without flattery! *Vous êtes homme de goût*, though an Englishman—you see I have got no *préjugés*." Dashwood bowed. "*Allons!*" said she, starting up with vast gaiety, "we have got no time to lose. I have the *rubans* to put to de bow; I must go and attend my Diane."

"Attend her Diane!" repeated Dashwood, the moment the door was shut, and he was left alone with Lord George,—"Attend her Diane! a very proper attendant." Lord George was wholly indifferent to propriety or impropriety upon this, as upon all other subjects. "What are we to do with ourselves, I wonder, this morning?" said he, with his customary yawn; and he walked towards the window. The labour of finding employment for his lordship always devolved upon his companion. "I thought, my lord," said Dashwood, "you talked yesterday of going upon the water; the river is very smooth, and I hope we shall have a fine day."

"I hope so too; but over the hill yonder, it looks confounded black, hey? Well, at any rate we may go down, and make some of them get ready to go with us. I'll take my black Tom — he's a handy fellow."

"But if you take black Tom," said

Dashwood, laughing, "we must not expect to have the ladies of our party; for you know Mademoiselle has an unconquerable *antipaty*, as she calls it, to a negro."

Lord George declared, that for this very reason, he would order black Tom down to the water side, and that he should enjoy her affectation, or her terror, whichever it was, of all things. "I suppose," said he, "she'll scream as loud, as Lady Augusta screamed at a frog the other day."

"I'll lay you a wager, I spoil your sport, my lord. I'll lay you a guinea, I get Mademoiselle into the boat without a single scream," said Dashwood.

"Done!" said Lord George. "Two to one she screams."

"Done!" said Dashwood; and he hoped, that by proposing this bet, he had provided his pupil with an object for the whole morning. But Lord George was not so easily roused immediately after breakfast. "It looks terribly like rain," said he, going back irresolutely, between the door and the window. "Do you think it will rain, hey?"

"No, no; I'm sure it will not rain."

"I woudn't lay two to one of that, however; look at this great cloud that's coming."

"O! it will blow over."

"I don't know that," said Lord George,

shaking his head with great solemnity. "Which way is the wind?" opening the window. "Well, I believe, it may hold up, hey?"

"Certainly; I think so."

"Then I'll call black Tom, hey?—though, I think, one grows tired of going upon the water," muttered his lordship, as he left the room. "Couldn't one find something better?"

"Nothing better," thought Dashwood, "but to hang yourself, my lord, which, I'll be bound you'll do before you are forty, for want of something better. But that's not my affair."

"Where's Mademoiselle?" cried Lady Augusta, entering hastily, with a bow and arrow in her hand; "I've lost my quiver; where's Mademoiselle?"

"Upon my word I don't know," said Dashwood, assuming an air of interest.

"You don't know, Mr. Dashwood!" said Lady Augusta, sarcastically; "that's rather extraordinary. I make it a rule, whenever I want Mademoiselle, to ask where you are, and I never found myself disappointed before."

"I am sorry, madam, you should ever be disappointed," said Dashwood, laughing. "Is this your ladyship's *own* taste?" added he, taking the painted bow out of her hand. "It's uncommonly pretty."

"Pretty or not, Lord George did not

think it worth while to look at it last night. His lordship will go through the world mighty easily—don't you think so, Mr. Dashwood?—Dashwood attempted an apology for his pupil, but in such a sort, as if he did not mean it to be accepted, and then returning the bow to her ladyship's hand, paused, sighed, and observed, that upon the whole, it was happy for his lordship, that he possessed so much nonchalance. "Persons of a different cast," continued he, "cannot, as your ladyship justly observes, expect to pass through life so easily." This speech was pronounced in a tone so different from Dashwood's usual careless gaiety, that Lady Augusta could not help being struck with it; and, by her vanity, it was interpreted precisely as the gentleman wished. Rank and fortune were her serious objects; but she had no objection to amusing herself with romance. The idea of seeing the gay, witty Mr. Dashwood metamorphosed, by the power of her charms, into a despairing, sighing swain, played upon her imagination, and she heard his first sigh with a look, which plainly showed how well she understood it's meaning.

"Why now, was there ever any thing so provoking!" cried Lord George, swinging himself into the room.

"What's the matter, my lord?" said Dashwood.

"Why, don't you see, it's raining as hard as it can rain!" replied his lordship, with the true pathos of a man, whose happiness is dependant upon the weather. His scheme of going upon the water being now impracticable, he lounged about the room all the rest of the morning, supporting that miserable kind of existence, which idle lords, as well as gentlemen, are doomed to support, they know not how, upon a rainy day. Neither Lady Augusta, nor her mother, in calculating the advantages and disadvantages of an alliance with his lordship, ever once considered his habits of listless idleness as any objection in a companion for life.

After dinner the day cleared up—the ladies were dressed in their archery uniforms—the carriages came to the door, and Lord George was happy in the prospect of driving his new phaeton. Dashwood handed the ladies to their coach; for his lordship was too much engaged in confabulation with his groom, on the merits of his off-leader, to pay attention to any thing else upon earth.

His phaeton was presently out of sight, for he gloried in driving as fast as possible; and to reward his exertions, he had the satisfaction of hearing two strangers, as he passed them, say—"Ha! upon my word, those horses go well!" A postilion at a turnpike gate, moreover, exclaimed to a

farmer, who stood with his mouth wide open—"There goes Lord George; he cuts as fine a figure on the road as e'er a man in England." Such was the style of praise, of which this young nobleman was silly enough to be vain.

"I've been *in* these three quarters of an hour!" cried he, exulting, when Lady S—— got out of her coach.

"There has been no shooting yet though, I hope?" said Lady Augusta.

"No, no, ma'am," replied Dashwood; "but the ladies are all upon the green—a crowd of fair competitors; but I'd bet a thousand pounds upon your ladyship's arrows.—Make way there— make way," cried the man of gallantry, in an imperious tone, to some poor people who crowded round the carriage, and talking and laughing loud, he pushed forward, making as much bustle in seating the ladies as they could have wished. Being seated, they began to bow and nod to their acquaintance. "There's Mrs. Temple, and her daughters," said Lady S——.

"Where, ma'am?" said Lady Augusta, "I'm sure I did not expect to meet them here. Where are they?"

"Just opposite to us. Pray, Mr. Dashwood, who is that gentleman in brown, who is talking to Miss Helen Temple?"

"Upon my word I don't know, madam: he bowed just now to Lord George."

"Did he?" said Lady Augusta. "I wonder who he is!"

Lord George soon satisfied her curiosity, for coming up to them, he said, negligently —"Dashwood, there's young Mountague yonder."

"Ha! is that young Mountague; well, is his father dead? What has he done with that old quiz?"

"Ask him yourself," said Lord George, sullenly, "I asked him just now, and he looked as black as November."

"He is so fond of his father; it's quite a bore," said Dashwood. "I think he'll be a *quiz* himself in due time."

"No," said Lord George, "he knows better than that too, in some things. He has a monstrous fine horse with him here; and that's a good pretty girl, that he's going to marry."

"Is he going to be married to Miss Helen Temple?" said Lady S———. "Who is he, pray? I hope a suitable match?"

"That I can't tell, for I don't know what she *has*," replied Lord George.— "But Mountague can afford to do as he pleases—-very good family—-fine fortune!"

"Yes; old quiz has made an excellent nurse to his estate," observed Dashwood; "he owes him some gratitude for that."

"Is not he very young, to settle in the world?" said Lady S———.

"Young; yes—only a year older than I am," said Lord George; but I knew he'd never be quiet, till he got himself *noosed*."

"I suppose he'll be at the ball to night," said Lady Augusta, "and then we shall see something of him, perhaps.—It's an age since we've seen the Miss Temples any where. I wonder whether there's any thing more than report, my lord, in this conquest of Miss Helen Temple's? Had you the thing from good authority?"

"Authority!" said Lord George; "I don't recollect my authority, faith:—somebody said so to me, I think. It's nothing to me at any rate." Lady Augusta's curiosity, however, was not quite so easily satisfied as his lordship's; she was resolved to study Mr. Mountague thoroughly at the ball; and her habitual disposition to coquetry, joined to a dislike of poor Helen, which originated whilst they were children, made her form a strong desire, to rival Helen in the admiration of this young gentleman of—"very good family, and fine fortune." Her ladyship was just falling into a reverie upon this subject, when she was summoned to join the archeresses.

The prize was a silver arrow. The ladies were impatient to begin—the green was

cleared. Some of the spectators took their seats on benches under the trees, whilst a party of gentlemen stood by, to supply the ladies with arrows. Three ladies shot; but widely from the mark—a fourth tried her skill but no applause ensued—the fifth came forward, a striking figure, elegantly dressed, who, after a prelude of very becoming diffidence, drew her bow, and took aim in the most graceful attitude imaginable.

"Who is that beautiful creature?" exclaimed Mr. Mountague, with enthusiasm; and as the arrow flew from the bow, he started up, wishing it success—"The nearest by six inches, that has been shot yet," cried Dashwood.—"Here, sir! here!" said he to Mr. Mountague, who went up to examine the target. "This is Lady Augusta S——'s arrow, within the second circle, almost put out the bull's eye!" The clamour of applause at length subsiding, several other arrows were shot, but none came near to Lady Augusta's, and the prize was unanimously acknowledged to be hers.

The silver arrow was placed on high over the mark, and several gentlemen tried to reach it in vain; Mr. Mountague sprang from the ground with great activity, brought down the arrow and presented it, with an air of gallantry, to the fair victor.

"My dear Helen," said Emma to her sister, in a low voice, "you are not well."

"I!" replied Helen, turning quickly, "Why! can you think me so mean as to——"

"Hush, hush! you don't consider how loud you are speaking."

"Am I?" said Helen, alarmed, and lowering her tone; "but then why did you say I was not well?"

"Because you looked so pale."

"Pale! I'm sure I don't look pale," said Helen.—"Do I?"

"Not now, indeed," said Emma, smiling.

"Was not it an excellent shot?" said Mr. Mountague, returning to them. "But you were not near enough to see it; do come and look at it." Mrs. Temple rose, and followed him.—"I can't say," continued he, "that I particularly admire lady-archeresses; but this really is a surprising shot."——"It really is a surprsing shot," said Helen, looking at it quite at ease. But a moment afterwards she observed, that Mr. Mountague's eyes were not intent upon the *surprising shot*, but were eagerly turned to another side of the green, where, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, stood a beautiful figure, playing with a silver arrow, totally unconscious, as he imagined, either of her own

charms, or his admiration.—“ Are you acquainted with Lady Augusta ?” said Mr. Mountague.

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Temple. “ Are you ?”

“ Not yet; but I am very well acquainted with her mother. I have met her often in town—a silly card-playing woman. I hope her daughter is as little like her in her mind as in her person.” Here Mr. Mountague paused, for they had walked up quite close to the seemingly unconscious beauty.—“ Oh, Mrs. Temple !” said she, starting, and then recovering herself, with an innocent smile : “ is it you ? I beg ten thousand pardons,” and, offering a hand to Helen and Emma, seemed delighted to see them. Helen involuntarily drew back her hand, with as much coldness as she could, without being absolutely rude.

It was now late in the evening, and as the ball was to begin at ten, the ladies called for their carriages, that they might drive to their lodgings, in an adjacent town, to change their dress. In the crowd, Helen happened to be pretty close behind Lady S——; so close, that she could not avoid hearing her conversation.

“ Dear ma'am !” an elderly lady in black was saying to her, “ I can assure you, your ladyship has been misinformed. I asure you, it is no such thing. He's a relation of the family's—he has paid a

long visit in this country, but then it is a parting visit to his uncle; he sets out immediately for Italy, I'm told. I assure you, your ladyship has been misinformed; he and his uncle are often at Mrs. Temple's; but depend upon it he has no thoughts of Miss Helen."

These words struck Helen to the heart; she walked on, leaning upon her sister's arm, who fortunately happened to know where she was going. Emma helped her sister to recollect, that it was necessary to get into the carriage, when the step was let down. The carriage presently stopped with them at the inn, and they were shown to their rooms. Helen sat down the moment she got up stairs, without thinking of dressing; and her mother's hair was half finished, when she turned round and said—"Why, Helen, my dear! you certainly will not be ready."

"Shan't I, ma'am," said Helen, starting up. "Is there any occasion, that we should dress any more?"

"Nay, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, laughing. "Look in the glass at your hair; it has been blown all over your face by the wind."

"It is a great deal of useless trouble," said Helen, as she began the duties of the toilette.

"Why, Helen, this is a sudden fit of laziness," said her mother.

"No, indeed, mamma; I'm not lazy. But I really don't think it signifies. Nobody will take notice how I am dressed, I dare say."

"A sudden fit of humility then," said Mrs. Temple, still laughing.

"No, ma'am; but you have often told us, how little it signifies. When the ball is over, every thing about it is forgotten in a few hours."

"O, a sudden fit of philosophy, Helen?"

"No, indeed, mother," said Helen, sighing, "I'm sure I don't pretend to any philosophy."

"Well, then, a sudden fit of caprice, Helen?"

"No, indeed, ma'am!"

"No, indeed, ma'am," said Mrs. Temple, still rallying her.—"Why, Helen, my dear, you have answered No, indeed, ma'am, to every thing I've said this half hour."

"No, indeed, mother," said Helen; "but I assure you, ma'am," continued she, in a hurried manner, "if you would only give me leave to explain—"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Temple, "this is no time for explanations, make haste and dress yourself, and follow me down to tea."—Mr. Mountague was engaged to drink tea with Mrs. Temple.

How many reflections sometimes pass rapidly in the mind in the course of a few minutes?

"I am weak, ridiculous, and unjust," said Helen to herself. "Because Lady Augusta won a silver arrow am I vexed? Why should I be displeased with Mr. Mountague's admiring her? I will appear no more like a fool: and Heaven forbid I should become envious."

As this last thought took possession of her mind, she finished dressing herself, and went with Emma down to tea. The well-wrought-up dignity, with which Helen entered the parlour, was, however, thrown away upon this occasion; for, opposite to her mother at the tea table, there appeared, instead of Mr. Mountague, only an empty chair, and an empty teacup and saucer, with a spoon in it. He was gone to the ball, and when Mrs. Temple and her daughters arrived there, they found him at the bottom of the country dance, talking in high spirits to his partner, Lady Augusta ——, who, in the course of the evening, cast many looks of triumph upon Helen. But Helen kept to her resolution of commanding her own mind, and maintained an easy serenity of manner, which the consciousness of superior temper never fails to bestow.—Towards the end of the night, she danced

one dance with Mr. Mountague, and as he was leading her to her place, Lady Augusta, and two or three of her companions, came up, all seemingly stifling a laugh.—" What is the matter?" said Helen.—" Why, my dear creature," said Lady Augusta, who still apparently laboured under a violent inclination to laugh, and whispering to Helen, but so loud, that she could distinctly be overheard,—" You must, certainly, be in love."

" Madam !" said Helen, colouring, and much distressed.

" Yes; you certainly must," pursued Lady Augusta, rudely; for ladies of quality can be as rude, sometimes ruder, than other people. " Must not she, lady Di," appealing to one of her companions, and laughing affectedly; " must not she be either in love, or out of her senses?—Pray, Miss Temple, put out your foot." Helen put out her foot.

" Ay, that's the black one—well, the other." Now the other was white. The ill bred raillery commenced; Helen, though somewhat abashed, smiled with great good humour, and walked on towards her seat.—" What is the matter, my dear?" said her mother.

" Nothing, madam," answered Mr. Mountague, " but that Miss Helen Temple's shoes are odd, and her temper—even."

These few words, which might pass in a ball-room, were accompanied with a look of approbation, which made her ample amends for the pain she had felt. He then sat down by Mrs. Temple, and, without immediately adverting to any one, spoke with indignation of coquetry, and lamented, that so many beautiful girls should be spoiled by affectation.

"If they be spoiled, should they bear all the blame?" said Mrs. Temple.—"If young women were not deceived into a belief, that affectation pleases, they would scarcely trouble themselves to practise it so much."

"Deceived!" said Mr. Mountague;—"but is any body deceived by a person's saying, 'I have the honour to be, madam, your obedient humble servant?' Besides, as to pleasing—what do we mean? Pleasing for a moment, for a day, or for life?"

"Pleasing for a moment," said Helen, smiling, "is of some consequence; for if we take care of the moments, the years will take care of themselves, you know."

"Pleasing for *one* moment, though," said Mr. Mountagu, "is very different, as you must perceive, from pleasing *every* moment."

Here the country dance suddenly stopped, and three or four couple were thrown

into confusion. The gentlemen were stooping down, as if looking for something on the floor.—" O, I beg, I insist upon it—you can't think how much you distress me!" cried a voice, which sounded like Lady Augusta's. Mr. Mountague immediately went to see what was the matter. " It is only my bracelet," said she, turning to him. " Don't, pray don't trouble yourself," cried she, as he stooped to assist in collecting the scattered pearls, which she received with grace in the whitest hand imaginable. " Nay, now I must insist upon it," said she to Mr. Mountague, as he stooped again; " you shall not plague yourself any longer."—And in her anxiety to prevent him from plaguing himself any longer, she laid upon his arm the white hand which he had an instant before so much admired. Whether all Mr. Mountague's sober contempt of coquetry was, at this moment, the prevalent feeling in his mind, we cannot presume to determine; we must only remark, that the remainder of the evening was devoted to lady Augusta; he sat beside her at supper and paid her a thousand compliments, which Helen, in vain, endeavoured to persuade herself meant nothing more than —" I am, madam, your obedient humble servant."

" It is half after two," said Mrs. Tem-

ple, when she rose to go. "Half after two," said Mr. Mountague, as he handed Mrs. Temple to her carriage—"Bless me! can it be so late?"

All the way home Emma and Mrs. Temple were obliged to support the conversation: for Helen was so extremely entertained with watching the clouds passing over the moon, that nothing else could engage her attention.

The gossiping old lady's information respecting Mr. Mountague, was as accurate as the information of gossips usually is found to be. Mr. Mountague, notwithstanding her opinion and sagacity, *had thoughts of Miss Helen Temple.* During some months, which he had spent at his uncle's, who lived very near Mrs. Temple, he had had opportunities of studying Helen's character and temper, which he found perfectly well suited to his own; but he had never yet declared his attachment to her. Things were in this undecided situation, when he saw, and was struck with the beauty of Lady Augusta —— at this archery ball. —— Lord George —— introduced him to Lady S——, and, in consequence of a pressing invitation he received from her ladyship, he went to spend a few days at S—— hall.

"So Mr. Mountague is going to spend a week at S—— hall, I find," said Mrs.

Temple, as she and her daughters were sitting at work, the morning after the archery ball. To this simple observation of Mrs. Temple's, a silence, which seemed as if it never would be broken, ensued.

"Helen, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, in a soft voice.—"Ma'am!" said Helen, starting;—"You need not start so, my dear, I am not going to say any thing very tremendous. When you and your sister were children, if you remember, I often used to tell you, that I looked forward, with pleasure, to the time when I should live with you as friends and equals. That time is come, and I hope, now that your own reason is sufficiently matured to be the guide of your conduct, that you do not think I any longer desire you, to be governed by my *will*. Indeed," continued she, "I consider you as my equals in every respect, but in *age*, and I wish to make that inequality useful to you, by giving you, as far as I can, that advantage, which only *age* can give—experience."

"You are very kind, dear mother," said Helen.

"But you must be sensible," said Mrs. Temple, in a graver tone, "that it will depend upon yourselves, in a great measure, whether I *can* be so much your friend as I shall wish."

"O, mother," said Helen, "*be* my

friend! I shall never have a better; and, indeed, I want a friend," added she, the tears starting from her eyes.—"You'll think me very silly, very vain. He never gave me any reason, I'm sure, to think so; but I did fancy, that Mr. Mountague liked me."

"And," said Mrs. Temple, taking her daughter's hand,—"without being very silly, or very vain, may not one sometimes be mistaken? Then you thought you had won Mr. Mountague's heart? But what did you think about your own? Take care you don't make another mistake, (smiling). Perhaps, you thought he could never win yours?"

"I never thought much about that," replied Helen, "till yesterday."

"And to day," said Mrs. Temple;—"what do you think about it to day?"

"Why," said Helen, "don't you think, mother, that Mr. Mountague has a great many good qualities?"

"Yes; a great many good qualities, a great many advantages, and amongst them the power of pleasing you."

"He would not think *that* any advantage," said Helen, "therefore I should be sorry, that he had it."

"And so should I," said Mrs. Temple, "be very sorry, that my daughter's happiness should be out of her own power."

"It is the uncertainty, that torments me," resumed Helen, after a pause.—"One moment I fancy, that he prefers *me*, the next moment, I am certain, he prefers another. Yesterday, when we were coming away from the green, I heard Mrs. Hargrave say to Lady S——. "But why, mother, should I take up your time with these minute circumstances! I ought not to think any more about it."

"Ought not," repeated Mrs. Temple; "my dear, it is a matter of prudence, rather than duty. By speaking to your mother with so much openness, you secure her esteem, and affection; and, amongst the goods of this life, you will find the esteem and affection of a mother worth having," concluded Mrs. Temple, with a smile; and Helen parted from her mother with a feeling of gratitude, which may securely be expected from an ingenuous well-educated daughter, who is treated with similar kindness.

No one was ready for breakfast the morning that Mr. Mountague arrived at S—— hall, and he spent an hour alone in the breakfast room. At length the silence was interrupted by a shrill female voice, which, as it approached nearer, he perceived to be the voice of a foreigner, half suffocated with ineffectual desire to make her anger intelligible. He could

only distinguish the words—"I ring, ring, ring, ay twenty time, and nobody mind my bell nor me, no more dan nothing at all." With a violent push the breakfast room door flew open, and Mademoiselle Panache, little expecting to find any body there, entered, volubly repeating—"dey let me ring, ring, ring!" Surprised at the sight of a gentleman, and a young gentleman, she repented having been so loud in her anger. However, upon the second reconnoitring glance at Mr. Mountague, she felt much in doubt how to behave towards him. Mademoiselle boasted often of the well-bred instinct, by which she could immediately distinguish—"*un homme comme il faut*" from any other; yet sometimes, like Falstaff's, her instinct was fallacious. Recollecting that Lady S—— had sent for an apothecary, she took it into her head, that Mr. Mountague was this apothecary. —"Miladi, is not visible yet, sir," said she; "does she know you are here?"

"I hope not, ma'am; for I should be very sorry she were to be disturbed, after sitting up so late last night."

"O, dat will do her no harm, for I gave her, *pardonnez*, some excellent white wine whey out of my own head last night, when she got into her bed. I hope you don't make no objection to white wine whey, sir?"

"I!—not in the least, ma'am."

"O, I'm glad you don't disapprove of what I've done! You attend many family in this country, sir?"

"Madam!" said Mr. Mountague, taking an instant's time to consider what she could mean by *attend*.

"You *visit* many family in this country, sir?" persisted Mademoiselle.

"Very few, ma'am; I am a stranger in this part of the world, except at Mrs. Temple's."

"Madame Temple, ah, *oui!* I know her very well; she has two fine daughters —I mean when dey have seen more of de world. It's a great pity too, dey have never had de advantage of a native, to teach dem de good pronunciation *de la langue Francoise*. Madame Temple will repent herself of dat when it is too late, as I tell her always. But, sir, you have been at her house. I am sorry we did not hear none of de family had been indisposed."

"They are all now perfectly well, ma'am," replied Mr. Mountague, "except, indeed, that Mrs. Temple had a slight cold last week."

"But she is re-establish by your *advise*, I suppose—and she? did she recommend you to miladi?"

"No, madam," said Mr. Mountague,

not a little puzzled by Mademoiselle's phraseology, "Lord George —— did me the honour to introduce me to Lady S—."

"Ah, Milord George! are you a long time acquainted wid Milord?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have known Lord George many years."

"Ah, many year!—you be de family physician, *apparement?*"

"The family physician! O no, ma'am!" said Mr. Mountague, smiling.

"Eh!" said Mademoiselle, "but dat is being too modest. Many take *de titre* of physician I'll engage, wid less pretensions. And," added she, looking graciously, "*absolument*, I will not have you call yourself de family *apothicaire.*"

At this moment Lord George came in, and shook his family apothecary by the hand, with an air of familiarity, which astounded Mademoiselle. "*Qu'est ce que c'est?*" whispered she to Dashwood, who followed his lordship. "Is not dis his *apothicaire?*" Dashwood, at this question, burst into a loud laugh.—"Mr. Mountague," cried he, "have you been prescribing for Mademoiselle? she asks, if you are not an apothecary?"

Immediately Lord George, who was fond of a joke, especially where there was a chance of throwing ridicule upon any body superior to him in abilities, joined most

heartily in Dashwood's mirth; repeating the story as "an excellent thing" to every one, as they came down to breakfast; especially to Lady Augusta, whom he congatulated the moment she entered the room, upon her having danced the preceding evening with an apothecary.—"Here he is!" said he, pointing to Mr. Mountague. "*Ma chère amie! mon cœur!* tink of my mistaking your Mr. Mountague for such a sort of person; if you had only told me, sir, dat you were Miladi Augusta's partner last night, it would saved me de necessity of making ten million apoligies for my stupidity, dat could not find it out. *Ma chère amie! mon cœur!* Miladi Augusta, will you make my excuse?"

"*Ma chère amie! mon cœur!*" repeated Mr. Mountague to himself, "is it possible, that this women can be an intimate friend of Lady Augusta's?"—What was his surprise, when he discovered, that Mademoiselle Panache had been her ladyship's governess! He fell into a melancholy reverie for some moments. "So she has been educated by a vulgar, silly, conceited French governess," said he to himself; "but that is her misfortune, not her fault. She is very young, and a man of sense might make her what he pleased." When Mr. Mountague recovered from his

reverie, he heard the company, as they seated themselves at the breakfast table, begin to talk over the last night's ball.—"You did not tire yourself last night with dancing, my lord," said Dashwood.

"No; I hate dancing," replied Lord George; "I wish the ladies would take to dancing with one another, I think that would be an excellent scheme." An aunt of his lordship's, who was present, took great offence at this suggestion of her nephew's. She had been used to the deference paid in former times to the sex; and she said, she could not bear to see women give up their proper places in society. — "Really, George," added she, turning to her nephew, "I wish you would not talk in this manner. The young men now give themselves the strangest airs. Lady S——, I will expose him: do you know, last night he was lolling at his full length upon a bench in the ball room, while three young handsome ladies were standing opposite to him tired to death."

"They could not be more tired than I was, I am sure, ma'am."

"Why, you had not been dancing, and they had."

"Had they, ma'am? that was not my fault. I did not ask 'em to dance, and I don't see it was my business, to ask 'em to

sit down. I did not know who they were at any rate," concluded his lordship, sullenly.

"You knew they were women, and as such, entitled to your respect."

Lord George gave a sneering smile, looked at Dashwood, and pulled up his boot.

"Another thing; you were in the house three weeks with Miss Earl last summer; you met her yesterday evening, and you thought proper not to take the least notice of her."

"Miss Earl, ma'am, was she there?"

"Yes; close to you, and you never even bowed to her."

"I did not see her, ma'am."

"Mrs. Earl spoke to you."

"I didn't hear her, ma'am."

"I told you of it at the moment."

"I didn't understand you, ma'am."

"Besides, ma'am," interposed Dashwood, "as to Miss Earl, if she meant, that my lord should bow to her, she should have curtsied first to him."

"Curtsied first to him!"

"Yes; that's the rule—that's the thing now. The ladies are always to speak first."

"I have nothing more to say, if that be the case. Lady Augusta, what say you to all this?"

" O, that it's shocking to be sure!" said Lady Augusta, " if one thinks of it: so the only way is not to think about it."

" An excellent bon-mot!" exclaimed Dashwood. " It's *thinking*, that spoils conversation, and every thing else."

" But," added Lady Augusta, who observed, that her bon-mot was not as much admired by all the company as by Dashwood, " I really only mean, that one must do as other people do."

" *Assurément*," said Mademoiselle;— " not dat I approve of de want of gallantry in our gentlemen, neider. But, I tink, Mademoiselle Earl is as stiff as de poker, and I don't approve of dat neither.—*Je n'aime pas les prudes, moi.*"

" But, without prudery, may not there be dignity of manners?" said the old lady, gravely.

" *Dignité!*—Oh, I don't say nothing against *dignité* neider; not but I tink de English reserve is *de trop*. I tink a lady of a certain rank has always good *principes* enough to be sure, and as to de rest, *qu'importe?*—dat's my notions."

Mr. Mountague looked with anxiety at Lady Augusta, to see what she thought of her governess's notions, but all that he could judge from her countenance was, that she did not think at all.—" Well, she has time enough before her, to learn

to think," said he to himself. "I am glad she did not assent to Mademoiselle's *notions* at least. I hope she has learnt nothing from her, but "*the true French pronunciation.*"

No sooner was breakfast finished, than Lord George —— gave his customary morning yawn, and walked as usual to the window.— "Come," said Dashwood, in his free manner, "come, Mademoiselle, you must come down with us to the water side, and Lady Augusta, I hope."

"Ay," whispered Lord George to Dashwood, "and let's settle our wager about Mademoiselle and my blackamore —don't think I'll let you off that."

"Off!—I'm ready to double the bet, my lord," said Dashwood aloud, and in the same moment turned to Mademoiselle with some high flown compliment about the beauty of her complexion, and the dangers of going without a veil on a hot sunny day.

"Well, Mr. Dashwood, when you've persuaded Mademoiselle to take the veil, we'll set out if you please," said Lady Augusta.

Mr. Mountague, who kept his attention continually upon Lady Augusta, was delighted to see, that she waited for the elderly lady, who at breakfast had said so

much in favour of dignity of manners. Mr. Mountague did not at this moment consider, that this elderly lady was Lord George's aunt, and that the attention paid to her by Lady Augusta might possibly proceed from motives of policy, not from choice. Young men of open tempers, and generous dispositions, are easily deceived by coquettes, because they cannot stoop to invent the meanness of their artifices. As Mr Mountague walked down to the river, Lady Augusta contrived to entertain him so completely, that Helen Temple never once came into his mind; though he had sense enough to perceive his danger, he had not sufficient *courage* to avoid it: it sometimes requires courage to fly from danger. From this agreeable *tête à tête* he was roused, however, by the voice of Mademoiselle Panache, who, in an affected agony, was struggling to get away from Dashwood, who held both her hands—" No! no!—*Non, non!* I will not—I will not, I tell you, I will not."

" Nay, nay," said Dashwood; " but I have sworn to get you into the boat."

" Ah! into de boat *à la bonne heure*; but not wid dat vilain black."

" Well, then, persuade Lord George to send back his man; and you'll acknowledge, my lord, in that case it's a drawn bet?" said Dashwood.

"I! not I. I'll acknowledge nothing," replied his lordship, and he swore his black Tom should not be sent away; "he's a capital boatman, and I can't do without him."

"Den I won't stir," said Mademoiselle, passionately to Dashwood.

"Then I must carry you; must I?" cried Dashwood, laughing; and immediately, to Mr. Mountague's amazement, a romping scene ensued between this tutor and governess, which ended in Dashwood's carrying Mademoiselle in his arms into the boat, amidst the secret derision of two footmen, and the undisguised laughter of black Tom, who were spectators of the scene.

Mr. Mountague trembled at the thoughts of receiving a wife from the hands of a Mademoiselle Panache,—but turning his eye upon Lady Augusta, he thought she blushed, and this blush at once saved her in his opinion, and increased his indignation against her governess. Mademoiselle being now alarmed, and provoked by the laughter of the servants, the dry sarcastic manner of Lord George, the cool air of Mr. Mountague, and the downcast looks of her pupil, suddenly turned to Dashwood, and in a high angry tone assured him, "that she had never seen nobody have so much assurance," and she de-

manded furiously—" how he could ever tink to take such liberties wid her? Only tell me how you could dare to tink of it?"

" I confess I did not *think* as I ought to have done, Mademoiselle," replied Dashwood, looking an apology to Lady Augusta, which, however, he took great care Mademoiselle should not observe. " But your bet, my lord, if you please," added he, attempting to turn it off in a joke, " there was no scream, my bet's fairly won."

" I assure you, Sir, dis won't do, it's no good joke I promise you; *ma chère amie, mon cœur*," cried Mademoiselle to Lady Augusta, " *Viens*, come, let us go, —don't touch that," pursued she roughly to black Tom, who was going to draw away the plank, that led to the shore.— " I will go home dis minute, and speak to Miladi S——. *Viens! Viens, ma chère amie!*"—and she darted out of the boat, whilst Dashwood followed, in vain attempting to stop her. — She prudently, however, took the longest way through the park, that she might have a full opportunity of *listening to reason*, as Dashwood called it; and before she reached home she was perfectly convinced of the expediency of moderate measures.—" Let the thing rest where it is," said Dashwood, " it's a joke, and there's an end of it;

but if you take it in earnest, you know the story might not tell so well, even if you told it, and there would never be an end of it." All this, followed by a profusion of compliments, ratified a peace, which the moment he had made, he laughed at himself for having taken so much trouble to affect; whilst Mademoiselle rested in the blessed persuasion, that Dashwood was desperately in love with her: nay, so little knowledge had she of the human heart, as to believe, that the scene, which had just passed, was a proof of his passion.

"I wonder where's Miladi Augusta, I tought she was wid me all this time," said she.

"She's coming, don't you see her at the end of the grove with Mr. Mountague? we have walked fast."

"O she can't never walk so fast as me; I tink I am as young as she is."

"Dashwood assented, at the same time pondering upon the consequences of the attachment, which he saw rising in Mr. Mountague's mind for Lady Augusta. If a man of sense were to gain an influence over her, Dashwood feared that all his hopes would be destroyed, and he resolved to use all his power over Mademoiselle to prejudice her, and by her means to prejudice her pupil against this gentleman.

Mademoiselle's having begun by taking him for an *apothicaire*, was a circumstance much in favour of Dashwood's views, because she felt herself pledged to justify, or at least to persist in, her opinion, that he did not look like " *un homme comme il faut*."

In the mean time Mr. Mountague was walking slowly towards them with Lady Augusta, who found it necessary to walk as slowly as possible because of the heat. He had been reflecting very soberly upon her ladyship's late blush, which, according to his interpretation, said, as plainly as a blush could say, all that the most refined sense and delicacy could dictate. Yet such is, upon some occasions, the inconsistency of the human mind, that he by no means felt *sure*, that the lady had blushed at all. Her colour was, perhaps, a shade higher than usual, but then it was hot weather, and she had been walking. The doubt, however, Mr. Mountague thought proper to suppress; and the reality of the blush, once thoroughly established in his imagination, formed the foundation of several ingenious theories of moral sentiment, and some truly logical deductions. A passionate admirer of grace and beauty, he could not help wishing, that he might find Lady Augusta's temper and understanding equal to her per-

sonal accomplishments. When we are very anxious to discover perfections in any character, we generally succeed, or fancy that we succeed. Mr. Mountague quickly discovered many amiable and interesting qualities in this fair lady, and though he perceived some defects, he excused them to himself with most philosophic ingenuity.

"Affectation," the judicious Locke observes, "has always the laudable aim of pleasing;" upon this principle Mr. Mountague could not reasonably think of it with severity. "From the desire of pleasing," argued he, "proceeds not only all that is amiable, but much of what is most estimable in the female sex.—This desire leads to affectation and coquetry, to folly and vice, only when it is extended to unworthy objects.—The moment a woman's wish to please becomes discriminative, the moment she feels any attachment to a man superior to the vulgar herd, she not only ceases to be a coquette, but she exerts herself to excel in every thing that he approves, and from her versatility of manners, she has the happy power of adapting herself to his taste, and of becoming all that his most sanguine wishes could desire." The proofs of this discriminative taste, and the first symptoms of this salutary attachment to a man superior to the

vulgar herd, Mr. Mountague thought he discerned very plainly in Lady Augusta, nor did he ever forget, that she was but eighteen. "She is so very young," said he to himself, "that it is but reasonable I should constantly consider what she may become, rather than what she is." To do him justice, we shall observe, that her ladyship at this time, with all the address of which so young a lady was capable, did every thing in her power, to confirm Mr. Mountague in his favourable sentiments of her.

Waiting for some circumstance to decide his mind, he was at length determined by the generous enthusiasm, amiable simplicity, and candid good sense, which Lady Augusta showed in speaking of a favourite friend of hers, of whom he could not approve. This friend, Lady Diana, was one of the rude ladies, who had laughed with so much ill-nature at Helen's white and black shoes at the archery ball. She was a dashing, rich, extravagant, fashionable widow, affecting bold horsemanlike manners, too often "touching the brink of all we hate," without exciting any passions allied to love. Her look was almost an oath—her language was suitable to her looks—she swore and dressed to the height of the fashion—she could drive four horses in hand—was a desperate huntress—and so

loud in the praises of her dogs and horses, that she intimidated even sportsmen and jockeys. She talked so much of her favourite horse *Spanker*, that she acquired, amongst a particular set of gentlemen, the appellation of my Lady Di. Spanker. Lady Augusta perceived, that the soft affectations remarkable in her own manners, were in agreeable contrast in the company of this masculine dame: she therefore cultivated her acquaintance, and Lady S—— could make no objection to a woman, who was well received every where: she was rather flattered to see her daughter taken notice of by this dashing belle; consequently Lady Di. Spanker, for by that name we also shall call her, frequently rode over from Cheltenham, which was some miles distant from S—— hall. One morning she called upon Lady Augusta, and insisted upon her coming out to try her favourite horse. All the gentlemen went down immediately to insist in putting her ladyship on horseback: this was quite unnecessary, for lady Diana took that office upon herself. Lady Augusta was all timidity, and was played off to great advantage by the rough raillery of her friend. At length she conquered her fears so much, as to seat herself upon the side-saddle: her riding mistress gathered up the reins for her, and fixed them properly in her timid hands; then

armed her with her whip, exhorting her, "for God's sake, not to be such a coward?" Scarcely was the word *coward* pronounced, when Lady Augusta, by some unguarded motion of her whip, gave offence to her high-mettled steed, who instantly begun to rear: there was no danger, for Mr. Mountague caught hold of the reins, and Lady Augusta was dismounted in perfect safety. "How now, Spanker!" exclaimed Lady Di., in a voice calculated to strike terror into the nerves of a horse—"How now, Spanker!" and mounting him with masculine boldness of gesture—"I'll teach you, sir, who's your mistress," continued she; "I'll make you pay for these tricks!" Spanker reared again, and Lady Di. gave him what she called, "a complete dressing!"—In vain Lady Augusta screamed; in vain the spectators entreated the angry Amazon to spare the whip; she persisted in beating Spanker, till she fairly mastered him. When he was perfectly subdued, she dismounted with the same carelessness, with which she had mounted, and giving the horse to her groom, pushed back her hat, and looked round for applause. Lord George, roused to a degree of admiration, which he had never before been heard to express for any thing female, swore, that in all his life, he had never seen any thing better done: and Lady Di. Spanker received

his congratulations with a loud laugh, and a hearty shake of the hand.—" Walk him about, Jack," added she, turning to the groom, who held her horse; " walk him about, for he's all in a lather, and when he's cool bring him up here again. And then, my dear child," said she to Lady Augusta, " you shall give him a fair trial."

" I!—O! never, never!" cried Lady Augusta, shrinking back with a faint shriek; " this is a trial to which you must not put my friendship. I must insist upon leaving Spanker to your management: I would not venture upon him again for the universe."

" How can you talk so like a child—so like a woman?" cried her friend.

" I confess, I am a very woman," said Lady Augusta, with a sigh, " and I fear, I shall never be otherwise."

" *Fear!*" repeated Mr. Mountague, to whom even the affectation of feminine softness and timidity appeared at this instant charming, from the contrast with the masculine intrepidity, and disgusting coarseness of Lady Diana Spanker's manners. The tone, in which she pronounced the single word *fear*, was sufficient to betray his feelings towards both the ladies. Lady Di., gave him a look of sovereign contempt. " All I know and can tell you," cried she, " is, that *fear* should never get a

horseback." Lord George burst into one of his loud laughs. "But as to the rest, *fear* may be a confounded good thing in its proper place; but they say it's catching, so I must run away from you, child," said she to Lady Augusta—"Jack, bring up Spanker. I've twenty miles to ride before dinner. I've no time to lose (pulling out her watch), faith I've fooled away an hour here—Spanker must make it up for me. God bless you all!—Good bye?" and she mounted her horse, and galloped off full speed. "God bless ye!—Good bye to ye, Lady Di. Spanker," cried Dashwood, the moment she was out of hearing—"Heaven preserve us from Amazons!"--Lord George did not say, *Amen*. On the contrary, he declared she was a fine dashing woman, and seemed to have a great deal of blood about her. — Mr. Mountague watched Lady Augusta's countenance in silence, and was much pleased to observe, that she did not assent to his lordship's encomiums. "She has good sense enough, to perceive the faults of her new friend, and now her eyes are open, she will no longer make a favourite companion, I hope, of this odious woman," thought he. "I am afraid, I am sadly afraid, you are right," said Lady Augusta, going up to the elderly lady, whom we formerly mentioned, who had seen all that had passed from the open win-

dows of the drawing room. "I own I *do* see something of what you told me the other day, you disliked so much in my friend, Lady Di.;" and Lady Augusta gave the candid sigh of expiring friendship as she uttered these words.

"Do you know," cried Dashwood, "that this spanking horsewoman has frightened us all out of our senses? I vow to Heaven, I never was so terrified in my life as when I saw you, Lady Augusta, upon that vicious animal."

"To be sure," said Lady Augusta, "it was very silly of me to venture; I almost broke my neck out of *pure friendship*."

"It is well it is no worse," said the elderly lady; "if a fall from a horse was the worst evil to be expected from a friendship with a woman of this sort, it would be nothing very terrible."

Lady Augusta, with an appearance of ingenuous candour, sighed again, and replied—"It is so difficult to see any imperfections in those one loves!—Forgive me, if I spoke with too much warmth, madam, the other day, in vindication of my friend. I own I ought to have paid more deference to your judgement and knowledge of the world, so much superior to my own! but certainly I must confess, the impropriety of her Amazonian manners, as Mr. Dashwood calls them, never struck my partial

eyes till this morning. Nor could I, nor would I, believe half the world said of her; indeed, even now, I am persuaded she is, in the main, quite irreproachable; but I feel the truth of what you said to me, madam, that young women cannot be too careful in the choice of their female friends; that we are judged of by our companions: how unfairly one must be judged of sometimes!" concluded her ladyship, with a look of pensive reflection.

Mr. Mountague never thought her half so beautiful as at this instant.—" How *mind* embellishes beauty!" thought he.—" And what quality of the mind more amiable than candour!—All that was wanting to her character was reflection; and could one expect so much reflection as this from a girl of eighteen, who had been educated by a Mademoiselle Panache?" Our readers will observe, that this gentleman now reasoned like a madman, but not like a fool: his deductions from the appearances before him were admirable; but these appearances were false. He had not observed, that Lady Augusta's eyes were opened to the defects of her Amazonian friend, in the very moment that Lord George —— was roused to admiration by this horseman belle. Mr. Mountague did not perceive, that the candid reflections addressed to his

lordship's aunt were the immediate consequence of female jealousy.

The next morning, at breakfast, Lord George was summoned three times before he made his appearance; at length he burst in, with a piece of news he had just heard from his groom.—"That Lady Di. Spanker, in riding home full gallop the preceding day, had been thrown from her horse by an old woman. Faith I couldn't believe the thing," added Lord George, with a loud laugh; "for she certainly sits a horse better than any woman in England; but my groom had the whole story from the granddaughter of the old woman who was run over."

"Run over!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, "was the poor woman run over?—Was she hurt?"

"Hurt; yes, she was hurt, I fancy," said Lord George. "I never heard of any body's being run over without being hurt. The girl has a petition, that will come up to us just now, I suppose. I saw her in the back yard as I came in."

"O! let us see the poor child," said Lady Augusta; "do let us have her called to this window." The window opened down to the ground, and as soon as the little girl appeared, with the petition in her hand, Lady Augusta threw open the sash,

and received it from her timid hand with a smile, which to Mr. Mountague seemed expressive of sweet and graceful benevolence. Lady Augusta read the petition with much feeling, and her lover thought her voice never before sounded so melodious. She wrote her name eagerly at the head of a subscription. The money she gave was rather more than the occasion required; but, thought Mr. Mountague,

"If the generous spirit flew
"Beyond where prudence fears to go,
"Those errors are of nobler kind,
"Than virtues of a narrow mind*."

By a series of petty artifices Lady Augusta contrived to make herself appear most engaging and amiable to this artless young man: but the moment of success was to her the moment of danger. She was little aware, that, when a man of sense began to think seriously of her as a wife, he would require very different qualities from those which please in public assemblies. Her ladyship fell into a mistake, not uncommon in her sex; she thought, that "Love blinds when once he wounds the swain†." Coquettes have sometimes penetration sufficient, to see what will please their different admirers; but even those, who have that

* Soame Jenyns.
† Collins's Eclogues.

versatility of manners, which can be all things to all men, forget, that it is possible to support an assumed character only for a time; the moment the immediate motive for dissimulation diminishes, the power of habit acts, and the real disposition and manners appear.

When Lady Augusta thought herself sure of her captive, and consequently when the power of habit was beginning to act with all its wonted force, she was walking out with him in a shrubbery near the house; and Mademoiselle, with Mr. Dashwood, who generally was the gallant partner of her walks, accompanied them. Mademoiselle stopped to gather some fine carnations; near the carnations was a rose tree, of which the buds had been pulled off early in the spring, and which flowered therefore later than usual. Mr. Mountague, as three of these roses, one of them in full blow, one half blown, and another a pretty bud, caught his eye, recollected a passage in Berkeley's romance of *Gaudentio di Lucca**. "Did you ever happen to meet with Gaudentio di Lucca? do you recollect the story of Berilla, Lady Augusta?" said he.

"No; I have never heard of Berilla; what is the story?" said she.

"I wish I had the book," said Mr.

* Gaudentio di Lucca, p. 202.

Mountague; "I cannot do it justice, but I will borrow it for you from Miss H. Temple. I lent it to her some time ago; I dare say she has finished reading it."

At these words Lady Augusta's desire to have Gaudentio di Lucca suddenly increased; and she expressed vast curiosity to know the story of Berilla—"and pray what put you in mind of this book just now?" said she.

"These roses. In Berkeley's Utopia, which he calls Mezzorania—(every philosopher you know, Mr. Dashwood, must have a Utopia, under whatever name he pleases to call it)—in Mezzorania, Lady Augusta—gentlemen did not, as amongst us, make declarations of love by artificial words, but by natural flowers. The lover in the beginning of his attachment declared it to his mistress by the offer of an opening bud; if she felt favourably inclined towards him, she accepted, and wore the bud. When time had increased his affection, for in Mezzorania it is supposed, that time increases affection for those that deserve it; the lover presented a half blown flower; and after this also was graciously accepted, he came, we may suppose, not very long afterwards, with a full blown flower, the emblem of mature affection. The ladies who accepted these full blown flowers, and wore them, were looked upon

amongst the simple Mezzoranians as engaged for life; nor did the gentlemen, when they offered their flowers, make one single protestation or vow of eternal love, yet they were believed, and deserved, it is said, to be believed."

"*Qu'est ce que c'est? Qu'est ce que c'est?*" repeated Mademoiselle several times to Dashwood, whilst Mr. Mountague was speaking; she did not understand English sufficiently to comprehend him, and Dashwood was obliged to make the thing intelligible to her in French. Whilst he was occupied with her, Mr. Mountague gathered three roses, a bud, a half blown, and a full blown rose, and playfully presented the bud to Lady Augusta for her choice.—"I'm dying to see this Gaudentio di Lucca; you'll get the book for me to morrow from Miss Helen Temple, will you?" said Lady Augusta, as she with a coquettish smile took the rose-bud and put it into her bosom.

"*Bon!*" cried Mademoiselle, stooping to pick up the full blown rose, which Mr. Mountague threw away carelessly; "*Bon!* but it is great pity dis should be thrown away."

"It is not thrown away upon Mademoiselle Panache!" said Dashwood.

"Dat may be," said Mademoiselle; "but I observe, wid all your fine compli-

ment, you let me stoop to pick it up for myself—*à l'Angloise!*"

"*A la Françoise*, then," said Dashwood, laughing, "permit me to put it into your nosegay."

"Dat is more dan you deserve," replied Mademoiselle.—"*Eh! non, non.* I can accommodate it, I tell you, to my own taste best." She settled and resettled the flower; but suddenly she stopped, uttered a piercing shriek, plucked the full blown rose from her bosom, and threw it upon the ground with a theatrical look of horror. A black earwig now appeared creeping out of the rose; he was running away, but Mademoiselle pursued, set her foot upon him, and crushed him to death. "O! I hope to Heaven, Mr. Mountague, there are none of these vile creatures in the bud you've given me!" exclaimed Lady Augusta. She looked at her bud as she spoke, and espied upon one of the leaves a small green caterpillar; with a look scarcely less theatrical than Mademoiselle's, she tore off the leaf, and flung it from her; then, from habitual imitation of her governess, she set her foot upon the harmless caterpillar, and crushed it in a moment.

In the same moment Lady Augusta's whole person seemed metamorphosed to the eyes of her lover. She ceased to be beautiful: he seemed to see her counte-

nance distorted by malevolence; he saw in her gestures disgusting cruelty; and all the graces vanished.

When Lady Augusta was a girl of twelve years old, she saw Mademoiselle Panache crush a spider to death without emotion; the lesson on humanity was not lost upon her. From imitation, she learned her governess's foolish terror of insects; and from example, she was also taught that species of cruelty, by which at eighteen she disgusted a man of humanity, who was in love with her. Mr. Mountague said not one word upon the occasion. They walked on—a few minutes after the caterpillar had been crushed, Lady Augusta exclaimed,—"Why, Mademoiselle, what have you done with Fanfan?—I thought my dog was with us; for Heaven's sake where is he?"

"He is run, he is run on," replied Mademoiselle.

"O, he'll be lost! he ran down the avenue, quite out upon the turnpike road. I am sure I was frightened to death when Mr. Dashwood told me of it.—Fanfan! Fanfan!"

"Don't alarm, don't distress yourself;" cried Dashwood, "if your ladyship will permit me, I'll see for Fanfan instantly, and bring her back to you, if she is to be found in the universe."

"O Lord! don't trouble yourself, I only spoke to Mademoiselle, who regularly loses Fanfan, when she takes him out with her." Dashwood set out in search of the dog; and Lady Augusta, overcome with affectation, professed herself unable to walk one yard farther, and sank down upon a seat under a tree, in a very graceful, languid attitude. Mr. Mountague stood silent beside her. Mademoiselle went on with a voluble defence of her conduct towards Fanfan, which lasted till Dashwood reappeared, hurrying towards them with the dog in his arms—"*Ah le voilà! chère* Fanfan!" exclaimed Mademoiselle.

"I am sure I really am excessively obliged to Mr. Dashwood, I must say," cried Lady Augusta, looking reproachfully at Mr. Mountague.—"I observe Mr. Mountague is vastly too polite, to believe in vulgar proverbs," said she, looking down upon her rose-bud, and pulling a leaf from it; "he expects also, that I should have no faith in them either.—Love me, love my dog, you know, is a shocking vulgar proverb, is not it?"

Mr. Mountague was saved from the difficulty of reply, by Dashwood's near approach, who with panting, breathless eagerness, announced a terrible misfortune, that Fanfan had got a thorn, or something in his fore foot. Lady Augusta re-

ceived Fanfan upon her lap, with expressions of the most tender condolence; and Dashwood knelt down at her feet, to sympathize in her sorrow, and to examine the dog's paw. Mademoiselle produced a needle to extract the thorn.

"I wish we had a magnifying glass," said Dashwood, looking with strained solicitude at the wound—"O, you insensible monster! positively you shan't touch Fanfan," cried Lady Augusta, guarding her lapdog from Mr. Mountague, who stooped now, for the first time, to see what was the matter. "Don't touch him, I say; I would not trust him to you for the universe; I know you hate lapdogs. You'll kill him, you'll kill him."

"I kill him! O no," said Mr. Mountague, "I would not even kill a caterpillar."

Lady Augusta coloured at these words; but she recovered herself when Dashwood laughed, and asked Mr. Mountague how long it was since he had turned bramin; and how long since he had professed to like caterpillars and earwigs.

"*Bon Dieu!*—earwig!" interrupted Mademoiselle, "is it possible, that Monsieur, or any body dat has sense, can like *dose* earwig?"

"I do not remember," answered Mr. Mountague calmly, "ever to have professed any *liking* for earwigs."

"Well, *pity*, you profess pity for them," said Mr. Dashwood, "and pity, you know, is 'akin to love.'—Pray, did your ladyship ever hear of the man who had a pet toad* ?"

"O, the odious wretch !" cried Lady Augusta, affectedly ; "but how could the man bring himself to like a toad ?"

"He began by *pitying* him, I suppose," said Dashwood.—"For my part, I own, I must consider that man to be in a most enviable situation, whose heart is sufficiently at ease, to sympathize with the insect creation."

"Or with the brute creation?" said Mr. Mountague, smiling, and looking at Fanfan, whose paw Dashwood was at this instant nursing with infinite tenderness. "O, gentlemen, let us have no more of this, for Heaven's sake !" said Lady Augusta, interposing with affected anxiety, as if she imagined a quarrel would ensue. "Poor dear Fanfan, you would not have any body quarrel about you, would you, Fanfan ?" —She rose as she spoke, and delivering the dog to Dashwood, to be carried home, she walked towards the house, with an air of marked displeasure towards Mr. Mountague.

Her ladyship's displeasure did not affect

* Vide Smellie's Natural Hist. vol. II.

him as she expected. Her image—her gesture, stamping upon the caterpillar, recurred to her lover's mind many times in the course of the evening, and in the silence of the night, and "whenever the idea of "her came into his mind, it was attended "with this picture of active cruelty."

"Has your ladyship," said Mr. Mountague, addressing himself to Lady S——, "any commands for Mrs. Temple? I am going to ride over to see her this morning."

Lady S—— said, that she would trouble him with a card for Mrs. Temple; a card of invitation for the ensuing week. "And pray don't forget my kindest remembrances," cried Lady Augusta, "especially to Miss Helen Temple; and if she should have entirely finished the book we were talking of, I shall be glad to see it."

When Mr. Mountague arrived at Mrs. Temple's he was shown into the usual sitting room; the servant told him, that none of the ladies were at home, but that they would soon return, he believed, from their walk, as they were gone only to a cottage at about half a mile's distance.

The room in which he had passed so many agreeable hours, awakened in his mind a number of dormant associations—Work, books, drawing, writing! he saw every thing had been going forward just as usual in his absence. All the domestic

occupations, thought he, which make *home* delightful, are here: I see nothing of these at S—— hall. Upon the table, near a neat work-basket, which he knew to be Helen's, lay an open book; it was Gaudentio di Lucca. Mr. Mountague recollected the bud he had given to Lady Augusta, and he began to whistle; but not for want of thought. A music book on the desk of the piano-forte caught his eye; it was open at a favourite lesson of his, which he remembered to have heard Helen play the last evening he was in her company. Helen was no great proficient in music; but she played agreeably enough to please her friends, and she was not ambitious of exhibiting her accomplishments. Lady Augusta, on the contrary, seemed never to consider her accomplishments as occupations, but as the means of attracting admiration. To interrupt the comparison, which Mr. Mountague was beginning to enter into, between her ladyship and Helen, he thought the best thing he could do was, to walk to meet Mrs. Temple; wisely considering, that putting the body in motion sometimes stops the current of the mind. He had at least observed, that his schoolfellow, Lord George ——, seemed to find this a specific against thought: and for once he was willing to imitate his lordship's

example, and to hurry about from place to place without being in a hurry. He rang the bell, inquired, in haste, which way the ladies were gone, and walked after them like a man who had the business of the nation upon his hands; yet he slackened his pace when he came near the cottage, where he knew that he was to meet Mrs. Temple and her daughters. When he entered the cottage, the first object that he saw was Helen, sitting by the side of a decrepid old woman, who was resting her head upon a crutch, and who seemed to be in pain. This was the poor woman, who had been ridden over by Lady Di. Spanker. A farmer, who lived near Mrs. Temple, and who was coming homewards at the time the accident happened, had the humanity to carry the wretched woman to this cottage, which was occupied by one of Mrs. Temple's tenants. As soon as the news reached Mrs. Temple, she sent for a surgeon, and went with her daughters, to give that species of consolation, which the rich and happy can so well bestow upon the poor and miserable;—the consolation not of gold, but of sympathy.

There was no affectation, no ostentation of sensibility, Mr. Mountague observed, in this cottage scene; the ease and simplicity of Helen's manner never appeared to

him more amiable. He recollected Lady Augusta's picturesque attitude, when she was speaking to this old woman's granddaughter; but there was something in what he now beheld, that gave him more the idea of nature and reality; he heard, he saw, that much had actually been *done* to relieve distress, and done when there were no spectators to applaud or admire. Slight circumstances show, whether the mind be intent upon self or not. An awkward servant girl brushed by Helen, whilst she was speaking to the old woman, and with a great black kettle, which she was going to set upon the fire, blackened Helen's white dress, in a manner which no lady, intent upon her personal appearance, could have borne with patience. Mr. Mountague saw the black streaks, before Helen perceived them, and when the maid was reproved for her carelessness, Helen's good-natured smile assured her, "that there was no great harm done."

When they returned home, Mr. Mountague found, that Helen conversed with him with all her own ingenuous freedom, but there was something more of softness and dignity, and less of sprightliness than formerly in her manner. Even this happened to be agreeable to him, for it was in contrast with the constant appearance of effort and artificial brilliancy conspi-

cuous in the manners of Lady Augusta: he felt a sort of relief, like what the eye feels, which, after having been over excited and fatigued by strong light or gaudy colours, rests upon refreshing green. The constant round of cards and company, the noise and bustle at S—— hall, made it more like town than country life, and he had often observed, that in the intervals between dressing, and visiting, and gallantry, his *belle maitresse* was frequently subject to *ennui*. He recollected, that in the many domestic hours he had spent at Mrs. Temple's, he had never beheld this French demon, who makes the votaries of dissipation and idleness his victims. What advantage has a man, in judging of female character, who can see a woman in the midst of her own family, "who can read her history" in the eyes of those who know her most intimately, who can see her conduct as a daughter and a sister, and in the most important relations of life, can form a certain judgment from what she has been, of what she is likely to be! But how can a man judge what sort of wife he may probably expect in a lady, whom he meets with only at public places, or whom he never sees even at her own house, without all the advantages or disadvantages of *stage decoration?* A man who marries a showy entertaining coquette, and expects

that she will make him a charming companion for life, commits as absurd a blunder as that of the famous nobleman, who, delighted with the wit and humour of Punch at a puppetshow, bought Punch, and ordered him to be sent home for his private amusement.

Whether all or any of these reflections occurred to Mr. Mountague, during his morning visit at Mrs. Temple's we cannot pretend to say, but his silence and absence seemed to show, that his thoughts were busily engaged. Never did Helen appear to him so amiable, as she did this morning, when the dignity, delicacy, and simplicity of her manners were contrasted in his imagination with the caprice and coquetry of his new mistress. He felt a secret idea, that he was beloved, and a sober certainty, that Helen had a heart capable of sincere and permanent affection, joined to a cultivated understanding and reasonable principles, which would wear through life, and ensure happiness with power superior to the magic of passion.

It was with some difficulty that he asked Helen for Gaudentio di Lucca, and with yet greater difficulty that he took leave of her. As he was riding towards S—— hall, "revolving in his altered mind the various turns of fate below," he was suddenly roused from his meditations by the

sight of a phaeton overturned in the middle of the road, another phaeton and four empty, and a group of people gathered near a bank by the roadside. Mr. Mountague rode up as fast as possible to the scene of action; the overturned phaeton was Lord George's, the other, Lady Di. Spanker's; the group of people was composed of several servants, Lord George, Lady Di., and Mademoiselle, all surrounding a fainting fair one, who was no other than Lady Augusta herself. Lord George was shaking his own arms, legs, and head, to make himself sure of their safety. Lady Di. eagerly told the whole story to Mr. Mountague, that Lord George had been running races with her, and by his confounded bad driving had overturned himself and Lady Augusta. "Poor thing, she's not hurt at all luckily, but she's terrified to death as usual, and she has been going from one fainting fit to another."

"*Bon Dieu!*" interrupted Mademoiselle, "but what will Miladi S—— say to us, I wish Miladi Augusta would come to her senses."

Lady Augusta opened her beautiful eyes, and, just come sufficiently to her senses, to observe who was looking at her, she put aside Mademoiselle's smelling bottle, and in a soft voice begged to have her own salts. Mademoiselle felt in one of her

ladyship's pockets for the salts in vain, Lady Di. plunged her hand into the other pocket, and pulled out in the first place a book, which she threw upon the bank, and then came out the salts. In due time the lady was happily restored to the full use of her senses, and was put into her mother's coach, which had been sent for, to convey her home. The carriages drove away, and Mr Mountague was just mounting his horse, when he saw the book, which had been pulled out of Lady Augusta's pocket, and which by mistake was left where it had been thrown upon the grass. What was his astonishment, when, upon opening it, he saw one of the very worst books in the French language, a book which never could have been found in the possession of any woman of delicacy, of decency. Her lover stood for some minutes in silent amazement, disgust, and we may add, terror.

These feelings had by no means subsided in his mind, when upon his entering the drawing room at S—— hall, he was accosted by Mademoiselle Panache, who with no small degree of alarm in her countenance, inquired whether he knew any thing of the book, which had been left upon the road. No one was in the room but the governess and her pupil. Mr.

Mountague produced the book, and Lady Augusta received it with a deep blush.

"Put a good face upon the matter, at least," whispered her governess in French.

"I can assure you," said her ladyship, "I don't know what's in this book, I never opened it, I got it this morning at the circulating library at Cheltenham, I put it into my pocket in a hurry—pray what is it?"

"If you have not opened it," said Mr. Mountague, laying his hand upon the book, "I may hope that you never will, but this is the *second* volume."

"May be so," said Lady Augusta, "I suppose in my hurry I mistook——"

"She never had the first, I can promise you," cried Mademoiselle.

"Never," said Lady Augusta.—The assertions had not the power to convince; they were pronounced with much vehemence, but not with the simplicity of truth. Mr. Mountague was determined to have the point cleared up, and he immediately offered to ride back to Cheltenham, and return the second volume. At this proposal, Lady Augusta, who foresaw that her falsehood would be detected, turned pale, but Mademoiselle, with a laugh of effrontery, which she thought was putting a good face upon the matter, ex-

claimed—"What a piece of work and *tintamarre* for nothing! will de house come down over our head for having dis book in it? what occasion to ride and lose your dinner at dis time of day for nothing?"

"Is it *nothing*," said Mr. Mountague, "to make myself sure of a fact, upon which——"

"Eh! what kind of a husband den will you make I want to know," interrupted Mademoiselle, "when you begin in dis way wid your facts, and your suspicions? Can you be so little of a gentleman," added she, in a tone of raillery, "to question de word and truth of a fair lady?"

"I did not question it, that I recollect," replied Mr. Mountague, "I wished to put it out of my own power to—'doubt, yet doat, suspect, yet fondly love.' All confidence, all reasonable confidence, is surely founded upon the experience we have had; and a man, who lays this foundation solidly in his own mind, does not appear to me to be in danger of becoming a suspicious husband."

Mademoiselle, who now saw that he was positively determined upon his ride to the circulating library, and who knew the consequences, stopped him as he moved towards the door.

"Eh, listen to me, you may spare yourself de trouble of your ride," said she,

"for the truth is, I have de first volume. *Mon dieu!* I have not committed murder, do not look so shock—what signify what I read at my age?"

"But, Lady Augusta, your pupil!" said Mr. Mountague.

"I tell you she has never read one word of it; and after all, is she a child now? When she was, Miladi S—— was very particular, and I of consequence and of course, in de choice of her books; but now, *oder affaire*, she is at liberty, and my maxim is—*Tout est sain aux sains.*"

Mr. Mountague's indignation was now strongly raised against this odious governess, and he looked upon her pupil with an eye of compassion. "So early, so young, tainted by the pernicious maxims of a worthless woman!"

"Eh, *donc*, what signify your silence, and your salts," cried Mademoiselle, turning to her.

"If I *could* be spared this scene at present," said Lady Augusta faintly, "I really am not well. We had better talk over this business some other time, Mr. Mountague;" to this he acceded, and the lady gained more by her salts and silence, than her governess did by her garrulous effrontery.

When she talked over the business with Mr. Mountague, she threw all the blame

upon Mademoiselle, and she appeared extremely shocked and alarmed at the idea, that she had lessened herself by her *folly*, as she called it, in the esteem of a man of superior sense and taste. It was perhaps possible, that at this moment of her life, her character might have taken a new turn, that she might really have been awakened to higher views and nobler sentiments, than any she had ever yet known; but the baleful influence of her constant attendant and conductress, prevailed against her *better self*. Mademoiselle continually represented to her, that she did not know or exert the whole of her power over Mr. Mountague; and she excited her to caprice and coquetry. The fate of trifling characters is generally decided by trifles, we must beg leave to relate the important history of a turban.

Mademoiselle Panache, who piqued herself much upon her skill as a milliner, made up a certain turban for Lady Augusta, which Dashwood admired extremely, but which Mr. Mountague had the misfortune not to think perfectly beautiful. Vexed that he should dare to differ from her in taste, Lady Augusta could not rest without endeavouring to make him give up his opinion: he thought, that it was not worth while to dispute about a trifle; and though he could not absolutely say, that it was pretty, he condescended so far as to

allow, that it might perhaps be pretty, if it were put on differently.

"This is the way I always wear it, every body wears it so, and I shall not alter it," said Lady Augusta, who was quite out of temper.

Mr. Mountague looked grave; the want of temper was an evil, which he dreaded beyond measure in a companion for life. Smiles and dimples usually adorned Lady Augusta's face, but these were artificial smiles; now passions, which one should scarcely imagine such a trifle could excite, darkened her brow, and entirely altered the air of her whole person, so as to make it absolutely disagreeable to her admirer. Lord George, who was standing by, and who felt delighted with such scenes, winked at Dashwood, and with more energy than he usually expressed upon any subject, now pronounced, that in his humble opinion the turban was quite the thing, and could not be better put on. Lady Augusta turned a triumphant insulting eye upon Mr. Mountague; he was silent, his silence she took as a token of submission, in fact it was an expression of contempt. The next day, at dinner, her ladyship appeared in the same turban, put on sedulously in the same manner. Lord George seated himself beside her, and as she observed, that he paid her unusual

attention, she fancied that at length his icy heart would thaw. Always more intent upon making nets, than upon making cages*, Lady Augusta bent her mind upon captivating a new admirer. Mr. Mountague she saw was displeased, but she now really felt and showed herself indifferent to his opinion; how variable, how wretched, is the life of a coquette! The next day Lord George's heart froze again as hard as ever, and Lady Augusta lightened upon the impassive ice in vain. She was mortified beyond measure, for her grand object was conquest. That she might triumph over poor Helen, she had taken pains to attract Mr. Mountague; Dashwood, though far beneath her ladyship in fortune and in station, she deemed worth winning as a man of wit and gallantry. Lord George, to be sure, had little wit and less gallantry; but he was Lord George, and that was saying enough. In short, Lady Augusta exacted tribute to her vanity without any discrimination, and she valued her treasures by number and not by weight. A man of sense is mortified, to see himself confounded with the stupid and the worthless.

Mr. Mountague, after having loved like a madman, felt it not in the least incum-

* Swift.

bent upon him, to love like a fool; he had imprudently declared himself an admirer of Lady Augusta's, but he now resolved never to unite himself to her without some more reasonable prospect of happiness. Every day some petty cause of disagreement arose between them, whilst Mademoiselle by her silly and impertinent interference made matters worse. Mademoiselle had early expressed her strong abhorrence of prudes; her pupil seemed to have caught the same abhorrence; she saw, that Mr. Mountague was alarmed by her spirit of coquetry, yet still it continued in full force. For instance, she would, in spite of his remonstrances, continually go out with Lord George in his phaeton, though she declared every time he handed her in, "that she was certain he would break her neck." She would receive verses from Dashwood, and keep them embalmed in her pocket-book, though she allowed, that she thought them "sad stuff."

However, in these verses something more was meant than met the ear. He began with addressing a poem to her ladyship, called The Turban, which her silly mother extolled with eagerness, and seemed to think by no means inferior to the Rape of the Lock. Lady Augusta wrote a few lines in answer to the Turban—reply

produced reply—nonsense—nonsense—till Dashwood now and then forgot his poetical character. Lady Augusta forgave it; he of course forgot himself again into a lover in prose. For some time the sonnets were shown to Lady S——, but at length some were received, which it was thought as well not to show to any body. In short, between fancy, flattery, poetry, passion, jest and earnest, Lady Augusta was drawn on, till she hardly knew where she was; but Dashwood knew perfectly well where he was, and resolved to keep his ground resolutely.

When, encouraged by the lady's coquetry, he first formed his plans, he imagined, that a promise of a wedding-present would easily secure her governess: but this was a slight mistake; avarice happened not to be the ruling, or, at least at this time, the reigning passion of Mademoiselle's mind; and quickly perceiving his error, he paid assiduous court to her vanity. She firmly believed, that she had captivated him, and was totally blind to his real designs. The grand difficulty with Dashwood was not to persuade her of his passion, but to prevent her from believing him too soon; and he thought it expedient to delay completing his conquest of the governess, till he had gained an equally powerful influence over her pupil. One

evening Dashwood, passing through a sheltered walk, heard Lady Augusta and Mr. Mountague talking very loudly and eagerly; they passed through the grove so quickly, that he could catch only the words "phaeton—imprudence."

"Pshaw, jealousy—nonsense."

"Reasonable woman for a wife."

"Pooh, no such thing."

"My unalterable resolution"—were the concluding words of Mr. Monntague, in a calm but decided voice: and, "as you please, sir! I've no notion of giving up my will in every thing," the concluding words of Lady Augusta, pronounced in a pettish tone, as she broke from him; yet pausing for a moment, Dashwood, to his great surprise and concern, heard her in a softer tone add a *but*, which showed she was not quite willing to break from Mr. Mountague for ever. Dashwood was alarmed beyond measure, but the lady did not long continue in this frame of mind, for upon going into her dressing-room to rest herself she found her governess at the glass.

"*Bon Dieu!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle, turning round, "Miladi told me you was gone out—*mais qu'est ce que c'est? vous voilà pâle*—you are as white—*blanc comme mon linge*," cried she with emphasis, at the same time touching a handkerchief, which was so far from white, that her

pupil could not help bursting out into a laugh at the unfortunate illustration. "*Pauvre petite! tenez,*" continued Mademoiselle, running up to her with salts, apprehensive that she was going into fits. "I am not ill, thank you," said Lady Augusta, taking the smelling bottle.

"But don't tell me dat," said Mademoiselle, "I saw you walking out of de window wid dat man, and I know dis is some new *démêlé* wid him. Come, *point de secret mon enfant.* Has not he been given you one good lecture?"

"Lecture," said Lady Augusta, rising with becoming spirit; "no, Mademoiselle, I am not to be lectured by any body."

"No to be sure, dat is what I say, and, *surtout*, not by a lover. *Quel homme!* why I would not have him to pay his court to me for all de world. Why, *pauvre petite*, he has made you look ten years older ever since he began to fall in love wid you; dis what you call a lover in England? *Bon*, why, I know nothing of de matter, if he be one bit in love wid you *mon enfant.*"

"O, as to that, he certainly is in love with me; whatever other faults he has, I must do him justice."

"*Justice!* O, let him have justice, *de tout mon cœur*; but I say, if he be a man in love, he is de oddest man in love I ever happen to see; he eat, drink, sleep, talk, laugh, *se possède tout comme un autre.*

Bon Dieu! I would not give noting at all *myself* for such a sort of a lover.—*Mon enfant*, dis is not de way I would wish to see you loved, dis is not de way no man ought for to dare for to love you."

"And how ought I to be loved?" asked Lady Augusta, impatiently.

"*La belle question!* Eh! don't every body, de stupidest person in de world, know how dey ought to be love? *Mais passionnément, éperdument—dere is a—a je ne scais quoi* dat infalliblement distinguish de true lover from de false."

"Then," said Lady Augusta, "you really don't think, that Mr. Mountague loves me?"

"Tink," replied Mademoiselle, "I don't tink about it; but have not I said enough, open your eyes, make your own *comparaisons*."

Before Lady Augusta had made her comparisons, a knock at the door from her maid came to let her know, that Lord George was waiting.

"Ah Milord George! I won't keep you den: *va 'en.*"

"But now do you know, it was only because I just said, that I was going out with Lord George, that Mr. Mountague made all this rout."

"Den let him make his route, *qu'importe?* Miladi *votre chère mère* make no objections. *Quelle impertinence!* If he

was Milord Duc he could not give himself no more airs. *Va, mon enfant*—Dis a lover! *Quel homme, quel tyran!* and den of course when he grows to be a husband, he will be worserer and worserer, and badderer and badderer, when he grows to be your husband."

"O," cried Lady Augusta, snatching up her gloves hastily, "my husband he shall never be, I am determined. So now I'll give him his *coup de grace*."

"*Bon!*" said Mademoiselle, following her pupil, "and I must not miss to be by, for I shall love to see dat man mortify."

"You *are* going then?" said Mr. Mountague, gravely, as he passed.—"Going, going, going, gone!" cried Lady Augusta, who tripping carelessly by, gave her hand to the sulky lord, then springing into the phaeton, said as usual—"I know, Milord, you'll break my neck;" at the same time casting a look at Mr. Mountague, which seemed to say—"I hope you'll break *your heart* at least."

When she returned from her airing, the first glance at Mr. Mountague's countenance convinced her, that her power was at an end. She was not the only person who observed this; Dashwood, under his air of thoughtless gaiety, watched all that passed with the utmost vigilance, and he knew how to avail himself of every circumstance, that could be turned to his

own advantage. He well knew, that a lady's ear is never so happily prepared for the voice of flattery, as after having been forced to hear that of sincerity. Dashwood contrived to meet Lady Augusta, just after she had been mortified by her late admirer's total recovery of his liberty, and seizing well his moment, pressed his suit with gallant ardour. As he exhibited all those signs of passion, which her governess would have deemed unequivocal, the young lady thought herself justified in not absolutely driving him to despair.

Where was Lady S—— all this time! Where?—At the card table, playing very judiciously at whist. With an indolent security, which will be thought incredible by those, who have not seen similar instances of folly in great families, she let every thing pass before her eyes without seeing it. Confident that her daughter, after having gone through the usual routine, would meet with some suitable establishment, that the settlements would then be the father's business, the choice of the jewels hers, she left her dear Augusta, in the mean time, to conduct herself; or, what was ten times worse, to be conducted by Mademoiselle Panache. Thus to the habitual indolence, or temporary convenience of parents, are the peace and reputation of a family secretly sacrificed. And

we may observe, that those who take the least precaution to prevent imprudence in their children, are most enraged and implacable, when the evil becomes irremediable.

In losing Mr. Mountague's heart, Lady Augusta's vanity felt a double pang, from the apprehension that Helen would probably recover her captive. Acting merely from the impulse of the moment, her ladyship was perfectly a child in her conduct; she seldom knew her own mind two hours together, and really did not foresee the consequences of any one of her actions. Half a dozen incompatible wishes filled her heart, or rather her imagination. The most immediate object of vanity had always the greatest power over her; and upon this habit of mind Dashwood calculated with security.

In the pride of conquest, her ladyship had rejoiced at her mother's inviting Mrs. Temple and her daughters to an entertainment at S—— hall, where she flattered herself, that Mr. Mountague would appear as her declared admirer. The day, alas! came; but things had taken a new turn, and Lady Augusta was as impatient, that the visit should be finished, as she had been eager, to have the invitation sent. Lady S—— was not precisely informed of all that was going on in her own house,

as we have observed; and she was therefore a little surprised at the look of vexation, with which her daughter heard, that she had pressed Mrs. Temple to stay all night. —" My dear," said Lady S——, " you know you can sleep in Mademoiselle's room for this one night, and Miss Helen Temple will have yours. One should be civil to people, especially when one sees them but seldom." Lady Augusta was much out of humour with her mother's ill-timed civility; but there was no remedy. In the hurry of moving her things at night, Lady Augusta left in her dressing table drawer a letter of Dashwood's; a letter which she would not have had seen by Miss Helen Temple for any consideration. Our readers may imagine what her ladyship's consternation must have been, when the next morning Helen put the letter into her hand, saying—" There's a paper you left " in your dressing table, Lady Augusta." The ingenuous countenance of Helen, as she spoke, might have convinced any one but Lady Augusta, that she was incapable of having opened this paper; but her ladyship judged otherwise: she had no doubt, that every syllable of the letter had been seen, and that her secret would quickly be divulged. The company had not yet assembled at breakfast. She retired precipitately to her own room, to

consider what could possibly be done in this emergency. She at length resolved to apply to Mr. Mountague for assistance; for she had seen enough of him to feel assured, that he was a man of honour, and that she might safely trust him. When she heard him go down stairs to breakfast she followed, and contrived to give him a note, which he read with no small degree of surprise.

" How to apologize for myself I know " not, nor have I one moment's time to " deliberate. Believe me, I feel my sen- " sibility and delicacy severely wounded; " but an-ill fated, uncontrollable passion " must plead my excuse. I candidly own, " that my conduct must appear to you in " a strange light; but spare me, I beseech " you, all reproaches, and pardon my " weakness, for on your generosity and " honour must I rely, in this moment of " distress.

" A letter of mine—a fatal letter from " Dashwood has fallen into the hands of " Miss Helen Temple. All that I hold " most dear, is at her mercy. I am fully " persuaded, that were she to promise to " keep my secret, nothing on earth would " tempt her to betray me; but I know " she has so much the habit of speaking " of every thing to her mother, that I am " in torture till this promise is obtained.

"Your influence I must depend upon.
"Speak to her, I conjure you, the mo-
"ment breakfast is over; and assure your-
"self of my unalterable gratitude.

"AUGUSTA ——."

The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Mountague followed Helen into the library; a port folio, full of prints, lay open on the table, and as he turned them over, he stopped at a print of Alexander, putting his seal to the lips of Parmenio, whom he detected reading a letter over his shoulder. Helen, as he looked at the print, said, she admired the delicacy of Alexander's reproof to his friend; but observed, that it was scarcely probable the seal should bind Parmenio's lips.

"How so?" said Mr. Mountague, eagerly.

"Because," said Helen, "if honour could not restrain his curiosity, it would hardly secure his secrecy."

"Charming girl!"—exclaimed Mr. Mountague, with enthusiasm. — Helen, struck with surprise, and a variety of emotions, coloured deeply.—"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Mountague, changing his tone, "for being so abrupt. You found a letter of Lady Augusta's last night. She is in great, I am sure needless, anxiety about it."

" Needless, indeed; I did not think it necessary to assure Lady Augusta, when I returned her letter, that I had not read it. As she has mentioned this subject to you, I hope, sir, you will persuade her of the truth: you seem to be fully convinced of it yourself."

" I am, indeed, fully convinced of your integrity, of the generosity, the simplicity of your mind. May I ask, whether you formed any conjecture, whether you know whom that letter was from?"

Helen, with an ingenuous look, replied —" Yes, sir, I did form a conjecture; I thought it was from you."

" From me!" exclaimed Mr. Mountague, " I must undeceive you there; the letter was not mine. I am eager," continued he, smiling, " to undeceive you. I wish, I might flatter myself, this explanation could ever be half as interesting to you, as it is to me. That letter was not mine, and I can never, in future, be on any other terms with Lady Augusta, than those of a common acquaintance."

Here they were interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mademoiselle, followed by Dashwood, to whom she was talking with great earnestness. Mr. Mountague, when he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to think of Lady Augusta, wrote the following answer to her letter.

"Your ladyship may be perfectly at ease with respect to your note. Miss Helen Temple has not read it, nor has she, I am convinced, the slightest suspicion of its contents, or its author. I beg leave to assure your ladyship, that I am sensible of the honour of your confidence, and that you shall never have any reason to repent of having trusted in my discretion. Yet permit me, even at the hazard of appearing impertinent, at the still greater hazard of incurring your displeasure, to express my most earnest hope, that nothing will tempt you to form a connexion, which I am persuaded, would prove fatal to the happiness of your future life. I am, with much respect,

"your ladyship's obedient servant,

"F. MOUNTAGUE."

Lady Augusta read this answer to her note with the greatest eagerness; the first time she ran her eye over it, joy to find her secret yet undiscovered suspended every other feeling; but, upon a second perusal, her ladyship felt extremely displeased by the cold civility of the style, and somewhat alarmed at the concluding paragraph. With no esteem and little affection for Dashwood, she had suffered herself to imagine, that her passion for him was *uncontrollable*. What degree of felicity she was likely to enjoy, with a man

destitute equally of fortune and principle, she had never attempted to calculate; but there was something awful in the words—" I earnestly hope, that nothing " will tempt you to form a connexion, " which will prove fatal to your future " happiness." While she was pondering upon these words, Dashwood met her in the park, where she was walking alone.— " Why so grave?" exclaimed he, with anxiety.

"I am only thinking—that—I am afraid —I think this is a silly business; I wish, Mr. Dashwood, you wouldn't think any more of it, and give me back my letters."

Dashwood vehemently swore, that her letters were dearer to him than life, and that the " last pang should tear them from his heart."

" But if we go on with all this," resumed Lady Augusta, " it will at least break my mother's heart, and Mademoiselle's into the bargain; besides, I don't half believe you; I really——"

" I really, what?" cried he, pouring forth protestations of passion, which put Mr. Mountague's letter entirely out of her head.

A number of small motives sometimes decide the mind in the most important actions of our lives; and faults are often attributed to passion, which arise from folly. The pleasure of duping her governess, the

fear of witnessing Helen's triumph over her lover's recovered affections, and the idea of the bustle and eclat of an elopement, all mixed together, went under the general denomination of love!—Cupid is often blamed for deeds, in which he has no share.

"But," resumed Lady Augusta, after making the last pause of expiring prudence, "what shall we do about Mademoiselle?"

"Poor Mademoiselle," cried Dashwood, leaning back against a tree to support himself, whilst he laughed violently—"what do you think she is about at this instant? packing up her clothes in a bandbox."

"Packing up her clothes in a bandbox!"

"Yes; she verily believes, that I am dying with impatience to carry her off to Scotland, and at four o'clock to morrow morning she trips down stairs, out of the garden door, of which she keeps the key, flies across the park, scales the gate, gains the village, and takes refuge with her good friend, Miss Lacey, the milliner, where she is to wait for me. Now, in the mean time, the moment the coast is clear, I fly to you, my *real* angel.

"O, no, upon my word," said Lady Augusta, so faintly that Dashwood went on exactly in the same tone.—"I fly to you, my angel, and we shall be half way on our trip to Scotland, before Mademoi-

selle's patience is half exhausted, and before *Miladi* S—— is quite awake."

Lady Augusta could nor forbear smiling at this idea; and thus, by an *unlucky* stroke of humour, was the grand event of her life decided.

Marmontel's well known story, called *Heureusement*, is certainly not a moral tale; to counteract its effects, he should have written *Malheureusement*, if he could.

Nothing happened to disconcert the measures of Lady Augusta and Dashwood. The next morning Lady S—— came down, according to her usual custom, late to breakfast. Mrs. Temple, Helen, Emma, Lord George, Mr. Mountague, &c. were assembled — "Has not Mademoiselle made breakfast for us yet?" said Lady S——; she sat down, and expected every moment, to see Mademoiselle Panache and her daughter make their appearance. But she waited in vain. Neither Mademoiselle, Lady Augusta, nor Dashwood, were any where to be found. Every body round the breakfast table looked at each other in silence, waiting the event. "They are out walking, I suppose," said Lady S——, which supposition contented her for the first five minutes; but then she exclaimed — "It's very strange they don't come back!"

"Very strange—I mean rather strange," said Lord George, helping himself, as he

spoke, to his usual quantity of butter, and then drumming upon the table, whilst Mr. Mountague, all the time, looked down and preserved a profound silence.

At length the door opened, and Mademoiselle Panache, in a riding habit, made her appearance.—"*Bon jour, miladi! Bon jour!*" said she, looking round at the silent party, with a half terrified, half astonished countenance—"*Je vous demande mille pardons—Qu'est ce que c'est?* I have only been to take a walk dis morning into de village to de milliner's. She has disappointed me of my tings, dat kept me waiting; but I am come back in time for breakfast I hope."

"But where is my daughter?" cried Lady S——, roused at last from her natural indolence.—"Where is Lady Augusta?"

"*Bon Dieu!* Miladi, I don't know.—*Bon Dieu!* in her bed I suppose. *Bon Dieu!* exclaimed she a third time, and turned as pale as ashes—"But where den is Mr. Dashwood?" At this instant a note, directed to Mademoiselle, was brought into the room; the servant said, that Lady Augusta's maid had just found it upon her lady's toilette—Mademoiselle tore open the note.

"Excuse me to my mother, *you* can "best plead my excuse.

"You will not see me again till I am

"AUGUSTA DASHWOOD."

"*Ah scélérat! Ah scélérat! Il m'a trahi!*" screamed Mademoiselle; she threw down the note, and sunk upon the sofa in real hysterics, whilst Lady S——, seeing in one and the same moment her own folly, and her daughter's ruin, fixed her eyes upon the words, "Augusta Dashwood," and fainted. Mr. Mountague led Lord George out of the room with him, whilst Mrs. Temple, Helen, and her sister ran to the assistance of the unhappy mother and the detected governess.

As soon as Mademoiselle had recovered tolerable *composure*, she recollected, that she had betrayed too violent emotion on this occasion. "*Il m'a trahi*," were words however that she could not recall; it was in vain she attempted to fabricate some apology for herself. No apology could avail, for it was now too evident, that she had *fatal reasons* to lament the loss of her lover. And whilst Lady S—— in silent anguish wept for her own and her daughter's folly, the governess in loud and gross terms abused Dashwood, and reproached her pupil with having shown duplicity, ingratitude, and a *bad heart*.

"A bad education!" exclaimed Lady S——, with a voice of mingled anger and sorrow: "leave the room Mademoiselle, leave my house. How could I choose such a governess for my daughter! Yet, in-

deed," added her ladyship, turning to Mrs. Temple, "she was well recommended to me, and how could I foresee all this?"

To such an appeal, at such a time, there was no reply to be made; it is cruel to point out errors to those, who feel that they are irreparable; but it is benevolent to point them out to others, who have yet their choice to make.

THE KNAPSACK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT HELMAAR - -	A Swedish Nobleman.
CHRISTIERN - - -	A Swedish Soldier.
ALEFTSON - - - -	Count Helmaar's Fool.
THOMAS - - - - -	A Footman.
ELEONORA - - - -	A Swedish Lady, beloved by Count Helmaar.
CHRISTINA - - - -	Sister to Helmaar.
ULRICA - - - - -	An Old Housekeeper.
CATHARINE - - -	Wife to Christiern.
KATE and ULRIC - -	The Son and Daughter of Catherine—they are six and seven Years old.

Serjeant, and a troop of Soldiers, a Train of Dancers, a Page, &c.

THE KNAPSACK*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A cottage in Sweden.*—CATHARINE, *a young and handsome woman, is sitting at her spinning wheel.—A little Boy and Girl, of six and seven years of age, are seated on the ground eating their dinner.*

CATHARINE *sings, while she is spinning.*

HASTE from the wars, O haste to me,
The wife that fondly waits for thee;
Long are the years, and long each day,
While my lov'd soldier's far away.
Haste from the wars, &c.

Lone every field, and lone the bower,
Pleasant to me nor sun nor shower.
The snows are gone, the flow'rs are gay,
Why is my life of life away?
Haste from the wars, &c.

* In the travels of M. Beaujolin into Sweden, he mentions having, in the year 1790, met carriages laden with the knapsacks of Swedish soldiers, who had fallen in battle in Finland. These carriages were escorted by peasants, who were relieved at every stage; and thus the property of the deceased was conveyed from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, and faithfully restored to their relations. The Swedish peasants are so remarkably honest, that scarcely any thing is ever lost in these convoys of numerous and ill-secured packages.

Little Girl. When will father come home?

Little Boy. When will he come, mother? when, to day? to morrow?

Cath. No, not to day, nor to morrow, but soon, I hope, very soon, for they say the wars are over.

Little Girl. I am glad of that; and when father comes home, I'll give him some of my flowers.

Little Boy. (who is still eating.) And I'll give him some of my bread and cheese which he'll like better than flowers, if he be as hungry as I am, and that, to be sure, he will be, after coming such a long, long journey.

Little Girl. Long, long journey! how long?—how far is father off, mother?—where is he?

Little Boy. I know; he is in—in—in—in—in Finland; how far off, mother?

Cath. A great many miles, my dear; I don't know how many.

Little Boy. Is it not two miles to the great house, mother, where we go to sell our faggots?

Cath. Yes, about two miles—and now you had best set out towards the great house, and ask Mrs. Ulrica, the housekeeper, to pay you the little bill she owes you for faggots—there's good children—and when you have been paid for your

faggots, you can call at the baker's, in the village, and bring home some bread for to-morrow—*(patting the little boy's head)*—you that love bread and cheese so much, must work hard to get it.

Little Boy. Yes, so I will work hard, then I shall have enough for myself and father too, when he comes—Come along—come—*(to his sister)*—and as we come home, through the forest, I'll show you where we can get plenty of sticks for to-morrow, and we'll help one another.

LITTLE GIRL *sings.*

That's the best way,
At work and at play,
To help one another—I heard mother say—
To help one another—I heard mother say.—
(The children go off, singing these words.)

Cath. (alone.) Dear, good children, how happy their father will be to see them, when he comes back!—*(she begins to eat the remains of the dinner, which the children have left)*—The little rogue was so hungry, he has not left me much, but he would have left me all, if he had thought that I wanted it—he shall have a *good large bowl* of milk for supper—it was but last night he skimmed the cream off his milk for me, because he thought I liked it—heigho!—God knows how long they may

have milk to skim—as long as I can work, they shall never want, but I'm not so strong as I used to be;—but then I shall get strong, and all will be well, when my husband comes back.—*(a drum beats at a distance.)*—Hark!—a drum!—some news from abroad, perhaps—nearer and nearer —*(she sinks upon a chair)*—why cannot I run to see—to ask—*(the drum beats louder and louder)*—fool that I am! they will be gone! they will be all gone!—*(she starts up.)* [*Exit running.*

SCENE *changes to a high road, leading to a village.—A party of ragged, tired soldiers, marching slowly.—Serjeant ranges them.*

Serj. Keep on, my brave fellows, keep on, we have not a great way farther to go;—keep on, my brave fellows, keep on, through yonder village.——*(the drum beats).* [*Soldiers exeunt.*

Serj. (alone.) Poor fellows, my heart bleeds to see them! the sad remains these, of as fine a regiment as ever handled a musket;—ah! I've seen them march quite another guess sort of way, when they marched, and I amongst them, to face the enemy—heads up—step firm—thus it was —quick time—march! —*(he marches proudly)*—My poor fellows, how they lag now—*(looking after them)*—ay, ay, there they go, slower and slower, they don't like

going through the village—nor I neither—for, at every village we pass through, out come the women and children, running after us and crying—"Where's my father?—What's become of my husband?"—Stout fellow as I am, and a serjeant too, that ought to know better, and set the others an example, I can't stand these questions.

Enter *Catherine* breathless.

Cath. I—I—I've overtaken him at last.—Sir—Mr. Serjeant, one word! What news from Finland?

Serj. The best—the war's over.—Peace is proclaimed.—

Cath. *(clasping her hands joyfully)*—Peace! happy sound!—Peace! The war's over—Peace!—And the regiment of Helmaar—*(The serjeant appears impatient to get away)*—Only one word, good serjeant; when will the regiment of Helmaar be back?

Serj. All that remain of it will be home next week.

Cath. Next week!—But—all that *remain*, did you say—Then many have been killed?

Serj. Many—many,—too many.—Some honest peasants are bringing home the knapsacks of those who have fallen in battle.—'Tis fair that what little they had,

should come home to their families. Now, I pray you, let me pass on.

Cath. One word more; tell me, do you know, in the regiment of Helmaar, one Christiern Aleftson?

Serj. *(with eagerness)* — Christiern Aleftson! as brave a fellow, and as good as ever lived; if it be the same that I knew.

Cath. As brave a fellow, and as good as ever lived; O, that's he! He is my husband, where is he?—Where is he!

Serj. *(aside.)* She wrings my heart!—*(aloud)*—He was—

Cath. *Was!*

Serj. He is I hope—safe.

Cath. You *hope*, don't look away, I must see your face; tell me all you know.

Serj. I know nothing for certain.—When the peasants come with the knapsacks, you will hear all from them.—Pray you, let me follow my men, they are already at a great distance.

[*Exit serjeant, followed by Catherine.*

Cath. I will not detain you an instant—Only one word more—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Count Helmaar's Castle.—A train of dancers—after they have danced for some time,*

Enter *a Page.*

Page. Ladies! I have waited, accord-

ing to your commands, till Count Helmaar appeared in the antichamber—he is there now, along with the Ladies Christina and Eleonora.

1st Dancer. Now is our time, Count Helmaar shall hear our song to welcome him home.

2d Dancer. None was ever more welcome.

3d Dancer. But stay till I have breath to sing.

SONG.

I.

Welcome Helmaar, welcome home,
In crowds your happy neighbours come,
To hail with joy the cheerful morn,
That sees their Helmaar's safe return.

II.

No hollow heart, no borrow'd face,
Shall ever Helmaar's hall disgrace,
Slaves, alone, on tyrants wait,
Friends surround the good and great.
Welcome Helmaar, &c.

Enter *Eleonora, Christina,* and *Count Helmaar.*

Helmaar. Thanks, my friends, for this kind welcome.

1st Dancer (looking at a black fillet on Helmaar's head). He has been wounded.

Christina. Yes—severely wounded.

Helmaar. And had it not been for the fidelity of the soldier, who carried me from the field of battle, I should never have seen you more, my friends, nor you, my charming Eleonora. *(A noise of one singing behind the scenes.)*—What disturbance is that, without?

Christina. 'Tis only Aleftson, the fool; —in your absence, brother, he has been the cause of great diversion in the castle; —I love to play ŭpon him, it keeps him in tune;—you can't think how much good it does him.

Helmaar. And how much good it does you, sister;—from your childhood you had always a lively wit, and loved to exercise it; but do you waste it upon fools?

Christina. I'm sometimes inclined to think this Aleftson is more knave than fool.

Eleon. By your leave, Lady Christina, he is no knave, or I am much mistaken.—To my knowledge, he has carried his whole salary, and all the little presents he has received from us, to his brother's wife and children. I have seen him chuck his money, thus, at those poor children, when they have been at their plays, and then run away, lest their mother should make them give it back.

Enter *Aleftson*, the fool, in a fool's-coat, fool's-cap, and bells—singing.

I.

There's the courtier, who watches the nod of the great,
Who thinks much of his pension, and nought of the state,
When for ribands and titles his honour he sells,
What is he, my friends, but a fool without bells.

II.

There's the gamester, who stakes on the turn of a die,
His house and his acres, the devil knows why,
His acres he loses, his forests he sells,
What is he, my friends, but a fool without bells.

III.

There's the student so crabbed and wonderful wise,
With his plus and his minus, his *x*s and *y*s,
Pale at midnight he pores o'er his magical spells,
What is he, my friends, but a fool without bells.

IV.

The lover, who's ogling, and rhyming, and sighing,
Who's musing, and pining, and whining, and dying,
When a thousand of lies every minute he tells,
What is he, my friends, but a fool without bells.

V.

There's the lady so fine, with her airs and her graces,
With a face like an angel's, if angels have faces,
She marries, and Hymen the vision dispels,
What's her husband, my friends, but a fool without bells.

Christina—Eleonora—Helmaar, &c.—Bravo, Bravissimo!—excellent fool!—En-

core. [*The fool folds his arms, and begins to cry bitterly.*

Christina. What now, Aleftson? I never saw you sad before—What's the matter?—Speak.

[*Fool sobs, but gives no answer.*

Helm. Why do you weep so bitterly?

Aleft. Because I am a fool.

Helm. Many should weep, if that were cause sufficient.

Eleon. But, Aleftson, you have all your life, till now, been a merry fool.

Fool. Because always till now, I was a fool—But now I'm grown wise; and 'tis difficult, to all but you, lady, to be merry and wise.

Christina. A pretty compliment; 'tis a pity it was paid by a fool.

Fool. Who else should pay compliments, lady—or who else believe them?

Christina. Nay, I thought it was the privilege of a fool, to speak the truth without offence.

Fool. Fool as you take me to be, I'm not fool enough yet, to speak truth to a lady, and think to do it without offence.

Eleon. Why, you have said a hundred severe things to *me* within this week, and have I ever been angry with you?

Fool. Never; for, out of the whole hundred, not one was true. But have a care, lady—Fool as I am, you'd be glad

to stop a fool's mouth with your white hand this instant, rather than let him tell the truth of you.

Christina (laughing, and all the other ladies, except Eleonora, exclaim).—Speak on, good fool; speak on——

Helm. I am much mistaken, or the Lady Eleonora fears not to hear the truth from either wise men or fools—Speak on.

Fool. One day, not long ago, when there came news, that our count there was killed in Finland—I, being a fool, was lying laughing, and thinking of nothing at all, on the floor, in the west drawing room, looking at the count's picture—In comes the Lady Eleonora, all in tears.

Eleon. (stopping his mouth) O! tell any thing but *that*, good fool.

Helmaar (kneels, and kisses her hand). Speak on, excellent fool.

Christina, and ladies. Speak on, excellent fool—In came the Lady Eleonora, all in tears.

Fool. In comes the Lady Eleonora, all in tears—*(pauses and looks round.)*—Why now, what makes you all so curious about these tears?—Tears are but salt water, let them come from what eyes they will—my tears are as good as hers—in came John Aleftson, all in tears, just now, and nobody kneels to me—nobody kisses my

hands—nobody cares half a straw for my tears. *(folds his arms and looks melancholy.)* I am not one of those—I know the cause of my tears too well.

Helm. Perhaps they were caused by my unexpected return—hey?

Fool. (scornfully.) No—I am not such a fool as that comes to;—don't I know, that, when you are at home, the poor may hold up their heads, and no journeyman-gentleman of an agent dares then to go about, plaguing those who live in cottages;—no, no—I am not such a fool as to cry, because Count Helmaar is come back—but the truth is, I cried because I am tired, and ashamed of wearing this thing *(putting down his fool's-cap upon the floor, changes his tone entirely.)—I!*—who am brother to the man, who saved Count Helmaar's life—I to wear a fool's-cap and bells—O shame! shame!

(The ladies look at one another with signs of astonishment.)

Christina. (aside.) A lucid interval—poor fool.—I will torment him no more—he has feeling—'twere better he had none.

Eleon. Hush—hear him!

Aleft. (throwing himself at the count's feet.) Noble count, I have submitted to be thought a fool, I have worn this fool's-

cap, in your absence, that I might indulge my humour, and enjoy the liberty of speaking my mind freely, to the people of all conditions—now, that you are returned, I have no need of such a disguise—I may now speak the truth without fear, and without a cap and bells—I resign my salary, and give back the ensign of my office—*(presents the fool's-cap.)* [*Exit.*

Christina. He might well say, that none but fools should pay compliments—this is the best compliment that has been paid you, brother.

Eleon. And observe, he has resigned his salary.

Helm. From this moment let it be doubled—he made an excellent use of money when he was a fool– may he make half as good a use of it now he is a wise man.

Christina. Amen—and now, I hope, we are to have some more dancing.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*By moonlight—a forest—a castle illuminated at a distance.—A group of peasants seated on the ground, each with a knapsack beside him.—One peasant lies stretched on the ground.*

First Peasant.

Why, what I say is, that the wheel of the cart being broken, and the horse dead lame, and Charles there in that plight—*(points to the sleeping peasant.)*—It is a folly to think of getting on farther this evening.

2d Peasant. And what I say is, it's folly to sleep here, seeing I know the country, and am certain sure, we have not above one mile at farthest to go, before we get to the end of our journey.

1st Peasant. *(pointing to the sleeper.)*—He can't walk a mile—he's done for—dog-tired——

3d Peasant. Are you *certain* sure we have only one mile farther to go?

2d Peasant. Certain sure——

All, except the sleeper and the 1st Peasant.—O, let us go on then, and we can carry the knapsacks on our backs for this one mile.

1st Peasant. You must carry him, then, knapsack and all.

All together. So we will.

2d Peasant. But first, do you see, let's waken him; for a sleeping man's twice as heavy as one that's awake—Holla, friend! waken! waken!—*(He shakes the sleeper, who snores loudly)*—Good lord, he snores loud enough to awaken all the birds in the wood.

(All the peasants shout in the sleeper's ear, and he starts up shaking himself.)

Charles. Am I awake?—*(stretching.)*

2d Peasant. No, not yet, man—Why, don't you know where you are?—Ay; there's the moon,—and these be trees; and—I be a man, and what do you call this?—*(holding up a knapsack.)*

Charles. A knapsack, I say, to be sure; —I'm as broad awake as the best of you.

2d Peasant. Come on then, we've a great way farther to go before you sleep again.

Charles. A great way farther—farther to night—No—No.

2d Peasant. Yes, yes; we settled it all while you were fast asleep—You are to be carried, you and your knapsack.—

(They prepare to carry him.)

Charles starting up, and struggling with them—I've legs to walk—I won't be

carried!—I, a Swede, and be carried—No! No!——

All together. Yes! Yes!

Charles. No! No!—*(he struggles for his knapsack, which comes untied in the struggle, and all the things fall out.)*—There, this comes of playing the fool.—*(They help him to pick up the things, and exclaim)*

All. There's no harm done—*(throwing the knapsack over his shoulder.)*

Charles. I'm the first to march after all.

Peasants. Ay! in your sleep.

[*Exeunt, laughing.*

Enter *Catherine's* two little Children.

Little Girl. I am sure I heard some voices this way:—Suppose it was the fairies!

Little Boy. It was only the rustling of the leaves. There are no such things as fairies; but if there were any such we have no need to fear them.

LITTLE BOY *sings.*

I.

Nor elves, nor fays, nor magic charm,
Have pow'r, or will, to work us harm,
For those who dare the truth to tell,
Fays, elves, and fairies, wish them well.

II.

For us they spread their dainty fare,
For us they scent the midnight air;
For us their glow-worm lamps they light,
For us their music cheers the night.

LITTLE GIRL *sings.*

I.

Ye fays and fairies hasten here,
Rob'd in glittering gossamere;
With tapers bright, and music sweet,
And frolic dance, and twinkling feet.

II.

And little Mable let us view,
Your acorn goblets fill'd with dew;
Nor warn us hence till we have seen,
The nut-shell chariot of your queen.

III.

In which on nights of yore she sat,
Driv'n by her grey-coated gnat;
With spider spokes, and cobweb traces,
And horses fit for fairy races.

IV.

And bid us join your revel ring,
And see you dance, and hear you sing.
Your fairy dainties let us taste,
And speed us home with fairy haste.

Little Boy. If there were really fairies, and if they would give me my wish, I know what I should ask.

Little Girl. And so do I.—I would

ask them to send father home before I could count ten.

Little Boy. And I would ask to hear his general say to him in the face of the whole army "This is a brave man." And father should hold up his head as I do now, and march thus by the side of his general.

(As the little boy marches he stumbles.)

Little Girl. Oh! take care!—come let us march home; but stay, I have not found my faggot.

Little Boy. Never mind your faggot; it was not here you left it.

Little Girl. Yes, it was some where here, I'm sure, and I must find it, to carry it home to mother, to make a blaze for her before she goes to bed.

Little Boy. But she will wonder what keeps us up so late.

Little Girl. But we shall tell her what kept us. Look under those trees will you, whilst I look here for my faggot.—When we get home, I shall say, "Mother, "do you know there is great news?—"there's a great many, many candles in "the windows of the great house, and "dancing and music in the great house, "because the master's come home, and "the housekeeper had not time to pay "us, and we waited and waited with our "faggots; at last, the butler ——"

Little Boy. Hey day!—What have we

here?—a purse—a purse, a heavy purse.

Little Girl. Whose can it be? let us carry it home to mother.

Little Boy. No, no; it can't be mother's; mother has no purse full of money. It must belong to somebody at the great house.

Little Girl. Aye, very likely to dame Ulrica, the house-keeper, for she has more purses and money than any body else in the world.

Little Boy. Come, let us run back with it to her—mother would tell us to do so, I'm sure, if she was here.

Little Girl. But I'm afraid the house-keeper won't see us to night.

Little Boy. O yes; but I'll beg, and pray, and push, till I get into her room.

Little Girl. Yes; but don't push me, or I shall knock my head against the trees.—Give me your hand, brother;—O my faggot! I shall never find you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—CATHERINE'S *Cottage.*

CATHERINE *spinning, sings.*

I.

Turn swift my wheel, my busy wheel,
And leave my heart no time to feel;
Companion of my widowed hour,
My only friend, my only dower.

II.

Thy length'ning thread I love to see,
Thy whizzing sound is dear to me;
O swiftly turn by night and day,
And toil for him that's far away.

Catherine. Hark, here come the children.—No, 'twas only the wind—what can keep these children so late?—but it is a fine moonlight night—they'll have brave appetites for their supper, when they come back—but I wonder they don't come home;—heigho! since their father has been gone, I am grown a coward—*(a knock at the door heard)*—Come in!—Why does every knock at the door startle me in this way.

Enter *Charles,* with a knapsack on his back.

Charles. Mistress! mayhap you did not expect to see a stranger at this time o'night, as I guess by the looks of ye—but I'm only a poor fellow, that has been a foot a great many hours.

Cath. Then, pray ye, rest yourself, and such fare as we have you're welcome to. *(She sets milk, &c. on a table—Charles throws himself into a chair, and flings his knapsack behind her.)*

Charles. —'Tis a choice thing to rest oneself;—I say, mistress, you must know, I, and some more of us peasants, have

come a many, many leagues, since break of day.

Cath. Indeed, you may well be tired —and where do you come from?—Did you meet, on your road, any soldiers coming back from Finland?

Charles (eats and speaks). Not the soldiers themselves, I can't say as I did; but we are them that are bringing home the knapsacks of the poor fellows, that have lost their lives in the wars in Finland.

Catherine (during this speech of Charles's, leans on the back of a chair—aside). Now I shall know my fate.

Charles (eating and speaking). My comrades are gone on to the village beyond, with their knapsacks, to get them owned by the families of them, to whom they belonged, as it stands to reason and right.—Pray, mistress, as you know the folks hereabouts, could you tell me whose knapsack this is, here, behind me?—*(looking up at Catherine.)*—Oons, but how pale she looks! *(aside.)* Here, sit ye down, do. *(aside.)* Why, I would not have said a word if I had thought on it—to be sure she has a lover now, that has been killed in the wars. *(aloud.)* Take a sup of the cold milk, mistress.

Catherine. (goes fearfully towards the knapsack.) 'Tis his! 'tis my husband's!

(she sinks down on a chair, and hides her face with her hands.)

Charles. Poor soul! poor soul! *(he pauses.)* But now it is not clear to me, that you may not be mistaken, mistress; —these knapsacks be all so much alike, I'm sure I could not, for the soul of me, tell one from t'other—it is by what's in the inside only, one can tell for certain. —*(Charles opens the knapsack, pulls out a waistcoat, carries it towards Catherine, and holds it before her face)*—Look ye here, now, don't give way to sorrow while there's hope left—mayhap, mistress —look at this now, can't ye, mistress?— *(Catherine timidly moves her hands from before her face, sees the waistcoat, gives a faint scream and falls back in a swoon —the peasant runs to support her.—At this instant the back door of the cottage opens, and* ALEFTSON *enters.)*

Aleft. Catherine!

Charles. Poor soul!—there, raise her head—give her air—she fell into this swoon at the sight of yonder knapsack— her husband's—he's dead.—Poor creature —'twas my luck to bring the bad news —what shall we do for her—I'm no better than a fool, when I see a body this way.

Aleft. *(sprinkling water on her face.)*

—She'll be as well as ever she was, you'll see, presently—leave her to me!

Charles. There! she gave a sigh—she's coming to her senses.—*(Catherine raises herself.)*

Cath. What has been the matter?—*(she starts at the sight of Aleftson.)*—My husband! — no—'tis Aleftson — what makes you look so like him?—you don't look like yourself.

Aleft. *(aside to the peasant.)* Take that waistcoat out of the way.

Cath. *(looking round, sees the knapsack.)* What's there?—O, I recollect it all now—*(to Aleftson.)*—look there! look there! your brother! your brother's dead. —Poor fool, you have no feeling.

Aleft. I wish I had none.

Cath. O my husband!—shall I never, never see you more—never more hear your voice—never more see my children in their father's arms?

Aleft. *(takes up the waistcoat, on which her eyes are fixed.)* But we are not sure this is Christiern's.

Charles. *(snatching it from him.)* Don't show it to her again, man!—you'll drive her mad.

Aleft. *(aside.)* Let me alone, I know what I'm about.---*(aloud)* 'Tis certainly like a waistcoat I once saw him wear; but, perhaps——

Cath. It is his---it is his---too well I know it---my own work---I gave it to him the very day he went away to the wars---he told me he would wear it again, the day of his coming home---but he'll never come home again.

Aleft. How can you be *sure* of that?

Cath. How!---why, am not I sure, too sure?---hey!---what do you mean?---he smiles!---have you heard any thing?---do you know any thing?---but he can know nothing---he can tell me nothing---he has no sense.---*(she turns to the peasant.)*---Where did you get this knapsack?---did you see——

Aleft. He saw nothing---he knows nothing---he can tell you nothing;---listen to me, Catherine--see, I have thrown aside the dress of a fool---you know I had my senses once---I have them now, as clear as ever I had in my life---ay, you may well be surprised---but I will surprise you more——Count Helmaar's come home.

Cath. Count Helmaar!---impossible!

Charles. Count Helmaar! --- he was killed in the last battle, in Finland.

Aleft. I tell ye, he was not killed in any battle---he is safe at home---I have just seen him.

Cath. Seen him!---but why do I listen to him, poor fool! he knows not what he

says---and yet, if the count be really alive——

Charles. Is the count really alive? I'd give my best cow to see him!

Aleft. Come with me then, and in one quarter of an hour you *shall* see him.

Cath. (*clasping her hands.*) Then there *is* hope for me——Tell me, is there any news?

Aleft. There is.

Cath. Of my husband?

Aleft. Yes---ask me no more---you must hear the rest from Count Helmaar, himself---he has sent for you.

Cath. (*springs forward.*) This instant let me go, let me hear——) *she stops short at the sight of the waistcoat, which lies in her passage.*)---But what shall I hear?---there can be no good news for me---this speaks too plainly.---(*Aleftson pulls her arm between his, and leads her away.*)

Charles. Nay, master, take me, as you promised, along with you—I won't be left behind---I'm wide awake, now—I must have a sight of Count Helmaar in his own castle—why, they'll make much of me in every cottage on my road home, when I can swear to 'em I've seen Count Helmaar alive, in his own castle, face to face---God bless him, he's *the poor man's friend.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The housekeeper's room in Count* HELMAAR's *castle.*

ULRICA *and* CHRISTIERN.

CHRISTIERN *is drawing on his boots.—Mrs.* ULRICA *is sitting at a tea-table, making coffee.*

Mrs. Ulrica. Well, well! I'll say no more, if you can't stay to night, you can't --- but I had laid it all out in my head so cleverly, that you should stay, and take a good night's rest here, in the castle, then, in the morning, you'd find yourself as fresh as a lark.

Christiern. O! I am not at all tired.

Mrs. Ulrica. Not tired! don't tell me that, now, for I know that you *are* tired, and can't help being tired, say what you will---drink this dish of coffee, at any rate.---*(he drinks coffee.)*

Christiern. But the thoughts of seeing my Catherine and my little ones------

Mrs. Ulrica. Very true, very true; but in one word, I want to see the happy meeting, for such things are a treat to me, and don't come every day, you know; and now, in the morning, I could go along with you to the cottage, but you must be sensible I could not be spared out this night, on no account or possibility.

Enter *Footman.*

Footman. Ma'am, the cook is hunt-

ing high and low for the brandy cherries.

Mrs. Ulrica. Lord bless me! are not they there before those eyes of yours---but I can't blame nobody for being out of their wits a little, with joy, on such a night as this. [*Exit Footman.*

Christiern. Never man was better beloved in the regiment, than Count Helmaar.

Mrs. Ulrica. Ay! ay! so he is every where, and so he deserves to be.---Is your coffee good? sweeten to your taste, and don't spare sugar, nor don't spare any thing that this house affords, for to be sure, you deserve it all---nothing can be too good for him, that saved my master's life---so now, that we are comfortable and quiet over our dish of coffee, pray be so very good as to tell me the whole story of my master's escape, and of the horse being killed under him, and of your carrying him off on your shoulders, for I've only heard it by bits and scraps, as one may say; I've seen only the bill of fare, ha! ha! ha!---so now pray set out all the good things for me, in due order, garnished and all; and, before you begin, taste these cakes, they are my own making.

Christiern. *(aside.)* 'Tis the one and twentieth time I've told the story to-day, but no matter.---*(aloud.)*---Why, then,

madam, the long and the short of the story is------

Mrs. Ulrica. O, pray, let it be the *long*, not the *short* of the story, if you please; a story can never be too long for my taste, when it concerns my master---'tis, as one may say, fine spun sugar, the longer the finer, and the more I relish it ---but I interrupt you, and you eat none of my cake, pray go on.---*(A call behind the scenes of Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica!)* ---Coming!---coming!---patience.

Christiern. Why then, madam, we were, as it might be, here,---just please to look;---I've drawn the field of battle for you, here, with coffee on the table---and you shall be the enemy!

Mrs. Ulrica. I!---no---I'll not be the enemy---my master's enemy!

Christiern. Well, I'll be the enemy.

Mrs. Ulrica. You!---O no, you shan't be the enemy.

Christiern. Well, then, let the cake be the enemy.

Mrs. Ulrica. The cake---my cake!---no, indeed.

Christiern Well, let the candle be the enemy.

Mrs. Ulrica. Well, let the candle be the enemy;---and where was my master, and where are you---I don't understand ---what is all this great slop?

Christiern. Why, ma'am, the field of battle, and let the coffee pot be my master;---here comes the enemy——.

Enter *Footman.*

Footman. Mrs. Ulrica, more refreshments wanting for the dancers above.

Mrs. Ulrica. More refreshments!---more!---bless my heart, 'tis an *un*possibility they can have swallowed down all I laid out, not an hour ago, in the confectionary-room.

Footman. Confectionary-room!---O, I never thought of looking there.

Mrs. Ulrica. Look ye there, now!---why, where did you think of looking, then?---in the stable, or the cock-loft, hey?---[*Exit Footman.*]---But I can't scold on such a night as this, their poor heads are all turned with joy, and my own's scarce in a more proper*er* condition——Well, I beg your pardon, pray go on;—the coffee pot is my master, and the candle's the enemy.

Christiern. So, ma'am, here comes the enemy, full drive, upon Count Helmaar.

(*A call, without, of Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica!*)

Mrs. Ulrica. Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica!—can't you do without Mrs. Ulrica one instant, but you must call, call—

(Mrs. Ulrica! Mrs. Ulrica!)—Mercy on us—what do ye want?—I *must* go for one instant.

Christiern. And I *must* bid ye a good night.

Mrs. Ulrica. Nay, nay---*(eagerly)*---you won't go---I'll be back.

Enter *Footman.*

Footman. Ma'am! Mrs. Ulrica! the key of the blue press.

Mrs. Ulrica. The key of the blue press---I had it in my hand, just now---I gave it---I---*(looks amongst a bunch of keys, and then all round the room.)*---I know nothing at all about it, I tell you---I must drink my tea, and I will.---*(Exit Footman.*]---'Tis a sin to scold on such a night as this, if one could help it—— Well, Mr. Christiern, so the coffee pot's my master.

Christiern. And the sugar-basin------ Why, here's a key in the sugar-basin.

Mrs. Ulrica. Lord bless me! 'tis the very key, the key of the blue press---why, dear me---*(feels in her pocket)*---and here are the sugar-tongs in my pocket, I protest---where was my poor head?---here Thomas! Thomas! here's the key, take it, and don't say a word for your life, if you can help it;---you need not come

in, I say---(*she holds the door, the footman pushes in.*)

Footman. But, ma'am, I've something particular to say.

Mrs. Ulrica. Why, you've always something particular to say---is it any thing about my master?

Footman No, but about your purse, ma'am.

Mrs. Ulrica. What of my purse?

Footman. Here's your little godson, ma'am, is here, who has found it.

Mrs. Ulrica. (*aside.*) Hold your foolish tongue, can't you?---don't mention my little godson, for your life.

(*The little boy creeps in under the footman's arm, his sister Kate follows him ---Mrs. Ulrica lifts up her hands and eyes, with signs of impatience.*)

Mrs. Ulrica. (*aside.*) Now, I had settled, in my head, that their father should not see them, till to-morrow morning.

Little Girl. Who is that stranger man?

Little Boy. He has made me forget all I had to say.

Christiern. (*aside.*) What charming children!

Mrs. Ulrica. (*aside.*) He does not know them to be his---they don't know him to be their father.---(*aloud.*)---Well,

children, what brings you here, at this time of night?

Little Boy. What I was going to say, was---(*the little boy looks at the stranger, between every two or three words, and Christiern looks at him.*) What I was going to say, was——

Little Girl. Ha! ha! ha!---he forgets, that we found this purse in the forest, as we were going home.

Little Boy. And we thought that it might be yours.

Mrs. Ulrica. Why should you think it was mine?

Little Boy. Because nobody else could have so much money in one purse, so we brought it to you---here it is.

Mrs. Ulrica. 'Tis none of my purse. (*aside.*)---O! he'll certainly find out that they are his children.---(*she stands between the children and Christiern*)---'Tis none of my purse, but you are good, honest, little dears, and I'll be hanged if I won't carry you both up to my master, himself, this very minute, and tell the story of your honesty before all the company.---(*she pushes the children towards the door, Ulric looks back.*)

Little Boy. He has a soldier's coat on ---let me ask him if he is a soldier.

Mrs. Ulrica. No; what's that to you?

Little Girl. Let me ask him if he knows any thing about father.

Mrs. Ulrica. *(puts her hand before the little girl's mouth.)* Hold your little foolish tongue, I say---what's that to you?

[*Exeunt, Mrs. Ulrica pushing forward the children.*]

Enter, at the opposite door, *Thomas*, the footman.

Footman. Sir, would you please to come into our servants-hall, only for one instant, there's one wants to speak a word to you.

Christiern. O, I cannot stay another moment, I must go home;---who is it?

Footman. 'Tis a poor man, who has brought in two carts, full of my master's baggage, and my master begs you'll be so very good, as to see that the things are all right, as you know'em, and no one else here does.

Christiern. *(with impatience.)* How provoking!---a full hour's work;--- I shan't get home this night, I see that;--- I wish the man and the baggage were in the Gulf of Finland. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The apartment where the* COUNT, ELEONORA, CHRISTINA, *&c. were dancing.*

Enter Mrs. *Ulrica*, leading the two children.

Christina. Ha! Mrs. Ulrica, and her little godson.

Mrs. Ulrica. My lady, I beg pardon for presuming to interrupt, but I was so proud of my little godson and his sister, though not my god-daughter, that I couldn't but bring them up, through the very midst of the company, to my master, to praise 'em according to their deserts, for nobody can praise those that deserves it, so well as my master---to my fancy.

Eleonora. (*aside.*) Nor to mine.

Mrs. Ulrica. Here's a purse, Sir, which this little boy and girl of mine found in the wood, as they were going home, and, like honest children, as they are, they came back with it, directly, to me, thinking that it was mine.

Helmaar. Shake hands, my honest little fellow---this is just what I should have expected from a godson of Mrs. Ulrica's and a son of------

Mrs. Ulrica. (*aside to the count.*) O, Lord bless you, Sir, don't tell him------

My Lady---(*to Christina*)---would you take the children out of hearing.

Eleon. (*to the children.*) Come with us, my dears.

[*Exeunt ladies and children.*

Mrs. Ulrica. Don't, Sir, pray, tell the children any thing about their father; they don't know that their father's here, tho' they've just seen him; and I've been striving, all I can, to keep the secret, and to keep the father here all night, that I

may have the pleasure of seeing the meeting of father and mother and children, at their own cottage, to-morrow.---I would not miss the sight of their meeting, for fifty pounds---and yet I shall not see it, after all---for Christiern will go, all I can say or do---Lord bless me! I forgot to bolt him in, when I came up with the children---the bird's flown, for certain---*(going in a great hurry.)*

Helmaar. Good Mrs. Ulrica, you need not be alarmed, your prisoner is very safe, I can assure you, though you forgot to bolt him in; I have given him an employment, that will detain him a full hour, for I design to have the pleasure of restoring my deliverer, myself, to his family.

Mrs. Ulrica. O! that will be delightful!---then you'll keep him here all night!---but that will vex him terribly, and of all the days and nights of the year, one wouldn't have any body vexed this day or night---more especially the man, who, as I may say, is the cause of all our illuminations, and rejoicings, and dancings---no, no, happen what will, we must not have him vexed.

Helmaar. He shall not be vexed, I promise you; and if it be necessary to keep your heart from breaking, my good Mrs. Ulrica, I'll tell you a secret, which I had intended, I own, to have kept from you one half hour longer.

Mrs. Ulrica. A secret! dear Sir, half an hour's a great while to keep a secret from one, when its about one's friends; pray, if it be proper, but you are the best judge, I should be very glad to hear just a little hint of the matter, to prepare me.

Helmaar. Then prepare, in a few minutes, to see the happy meeting between Christiern and his family; I have sent to his cottage for his wife, to desire that she will come hither immediately.

Mrs. Ulrica. O! a thousand thanks to you, Sir, but I'm afraid the messenger will let the cat out of the bag.

Helmaar. The man, I have sent, can keep a secret------Which way did the lady Eleonora go?------Are those peasants in the hall? [*Exit count.*

Mr. Ulrica. (*following.*) She went towards the west drawing room, I think, Sir.------Yes, Sir, the peasants are at supper in the hall---(*aside.*)---Bless me! I wonder what messenger he sent, for I don't know many, *men* I mean, fit to be trusted with a secret. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*An apartment in Count* HELMAAR'S *castle.*

ELEONORA—CHRISTINA.—*Little* KATE *and* ULRIC *asleep on the floor.*

Eleon. Poor little creatures! they were quite tired, by sitting up so late; is their mother come yet?

Christina. Not yet, but she will soon be here, for my brother told Aleftson to make all possible haste;---do you know where my brother is?---he is not among the dancers.---I expected to have found him sighing at the Lady Eleonora's feet.

Eleon. He is much better employed, than in sighing at any body's feet; he is gone down into the great hall, to see and to reward some poor peasants, who have brought home the knapsacks of those unfortunate soldiers, who fell in the last battle;--- your good Mrs. Ulrica found out, that these peasants were in the village, near us---she sent for them, got a plentiful supper ready and the count is now speaking to them.

Christina. And can you forgive my ungallant brother, for thinking of vulgar boors, when he ought to be intent on nothing but your bright eyes?---then all I can say is, you are both of you just fit for one another; every *fool*, indeed, saw that long ago.

(*A cry behind the scenes of "Long live Count Helmaar! long live the good Count! long live the poor man's friend;"*)

Christina. (*joins the cry.*) Long live Count Helmaar!---join me, Eleonora---long live the good Count! long live the poor man's friend!

(The little children waken, start up, and stretch themselves.)

Eleon. There, you have wakened these poor children.

Ulric. What's the matter? I dreamed father was shaking hands with me.

Enter Mrs. *Ulrica.*

Little Kate. Mrs. Ulrica! where am I? I thought I was in my little bed at home---I was dreaming about a púrse, I believe.

Mrs. Ulrica. Was it about this purse you were dreaming?---*(shows the purse, which the children found in the wood.)*---come, take it into your little hands, and waken and rouse yourselves, for you must come and give this purse back to the rightful owner; I've found him out for you;---*(aside to Christina and Eleonora.)*---and now, ladies, if you please to go up into the gallery, you'll see something worth looking at. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A hall in Count* HELMAAR'S *castle.—Peasants rising from supper, in the back scene.*

1*st Peasant.* Here's a health to the poor man's friend, and may every poor man, every honest poor man, and there are none other in Sweden, find as good a friend as Count Helmaar.

Enter *Charles*, eagerly.

Charles. Count Helmaar! is he here?

Omnes. Hey day! Charles, the sleeper, broad awake! or is he walking in his sleep?

Charles. Where's Count Helmaar, I say?---I'd walk in my sleep, or any way, to get a sight of him.

1st Peasant. Hush! stand back!---here's some of the quality coming, who are not thinking of you.

(*The peasants all retire to the back scene. ---Count* HELMAAR, CHRISTINA, *and* ELEONORA *appeared, looking from a gallery.*)

Enter *Aleftson* and *Catherine* at one door, Mrs. *Ulrica* at the opposite door, with *Christiern*, followed by the two children.

Cath. (*springs forward.*) Christiern! my husband! alive!—is it a dream?

Christiern. (*embracing her.*) Your own Christiern, dearest Catherine.

(*The children clap their hands and run to their father.*)

Ulric. Why, I thought he was my father; only he did not shake hands with me.

Kate. And Mrs. Ulrica bid me hold my tongue.

Christiern. My Ulric! my little Kate!

Mrs. Ulrica. Ay, my little Kate, you may speak, now, as much as you will.—*(their father kisses them eagerly.)*—Ay, kiss them, kiss them, they are as good children as ever were born—and as honest; Kate, show him the purse, and ask him if it be his.

Kate. Is it yours, father?—*(holds up the purse.)*

Christiern. 'Tis mine; 'twas in my knapsack, but how it came here, Heaven knows.

Ulric. We found it in the wood, father, as we were going home, just at the foot of a tree.

Charles. (comes forward.) Why mayhap now I recollect, I might have dropped it there, more shame for me, or rather more shame for *them*—*(looking back at his companions)*—that were playing the fool with me, and tumbled out all the things on the ground.—Master, I hope there's no harm done;—we poor peasant fellows have brought home all the other knapsacks, safe and sound, to the relations of them that died, and yours came by mistake, it seems.

Christiern. It's a very lucky mistake, for I wouldn't have lost a waistcoat, which there is in that knapsack, for all the waistcoats in Sweden.—My Catherine,

'twas that which you gave me the day before I went abroad—do you remember it?

Charles. Ay that she does; it had like to have been the death of her—for she thought you must be dead for certain, when she saw it brought home without you—but I knew he was not dead, mistress—did not I tell you, mistress, not to give way to sorrow, while there was hope left?

Cath. O joy! joy!—too much joy!

Aleft. Now are you sorry you came with me, when I bade you?—but I'm a fool!—I'm a fool!

Ulric. But where's the cap and coat you used to wear?

Kate. You are quite another man, uncle.

Aleft. The same man, niece, only in another coat.

Mrs. Ulrica. *(laughing.)* How they stare!——Well, Christiern, you are not angry with my master and me for keeping you now?—but angry, or not, I don't care, for I wouldn't have missed seeing this meeting, for any thing in the whole world.

Enter Count *Helmaar*, *Eleonora*, and *Christina.*

Christina. Nor I.

Eleon. Nor I.

Helmaar. Nor I.

The peasants. Nor any of us.

Helmaar. (to little Ulric.) My honest little boy, is that the purse which you found in the wood.

Ulric. Yes, and it's my own father's.

Helmaar. And how much money is there in it?

(The child opens the purse, and spreads the money on the floor.)

Ulric. (to Mrs. Ulrica.) Count you, for I can't count so much.

Mrs. Ulrica. (counts.) Eight ducats, five rixdollars, and, let me see how many, sixteen carolines*;—'twould have been a pity, Catherine, to have lost all this treasure, which Christiern has saved for you.

Helmaar. Catherine, I beg that all the money in this purse may be given to these honest peasants—*(to Kate.)*—here take it to them, my little modest girl;—as for you and your children, Catherine, you may depend upon it, that I will not neglect to make you easy in the world; your own good conduct, and the excellent manner in which you have brought up these children, would incline me to serve you, even if your husband had not saved my life.

* A rixdollar is 4s. 6d. sterling; two rixdollars are equal in value to a ducat; a caroline is 1s. 2d.

Cath. Christiern, my dear husband, and did *you* save Count Helmaar's life?

Mrs Ulrica. Ay, that he did.

Cath. (embracing him.) I am the happiest wife, and—(*turning to kiss her children.*)—the happiest mother upon earth.

Charles. (*staring up in Count Helmaar's face.*) God bless him! I've seen him face to face at last, and now I wish in my heart I could see his wife.

Christina. And so do I most sincerely: my dear brother, who has been all his life labouring for the happiness of others, should now surely think of making himself happy.

Eleonora. (*giving her hand to Helmaar.*) No, leave that to me, for I shall think of nothing else all my life.

END OF VOL. III.

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